A FEAST FOR WORMES.

SET FORTH IN A POEME OF THE HISTORY OF IONAH.

By FRA. QVARLES.

This Naked Pourtraiture before thine Eye,
Is Wretched, helpleſſe MAN, MAN *borne to Die:*
On either ſide, an ANGELL *doth protect him*
As well from EVILL, *as to* GOOD *direct him:*
Th'one poynts to DEATH, *the t'other to a* CROWNE;
Who THIS *attaines, muſt tread the* OTHER *downe:*
All which devotes the Briefe of MANS *Eſtate,*
That HER's *to goe from* HENCE, *by* THIS, *to* THAT.

LONDON,
Printed by *Felix Kyngſton*, for *Richard Moore*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtans* Church-yard, in Fleetſtreet. 1626.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY, Baron of *Penhurſt*, Viſcount *Liſle*, Earle of *Leiceſter*, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*.

SIR: two things more eſpeciall haue made mee induſtrious to doe your Lordſhip ſeruice: The one is, the loue you did beare to my (long ſince) deceaſed Father; whom (dead) your Lordſhip did pleaſe to honour with your Noble remembrance. The other is, your vndeſerued Fauours, and Honourable Countenance towards me in your paſſage thorow *Germany*, where you haue left in the hearts of men, a *Pyramis* of your Worth. As for the firſt, I am heire to that ſeruice, which my Father, (al-

wayes obſeruant to your Honour) was ready to performe. As for the ſecond, my ſelfe, in more particular ſtand obliged. In reſpect of both, heere I dedicate my ſelfe, and theſe few leaues to your truly-Noble Selfe, hoping your Lordſhip wil vaile my boldnes in your good acceptance, and crowne my labours with your approbation:

SIR,

Your Lordſhips truely obſeruant,

FRA. QVARLES.

TO THE READER.

Reader, I fairely ſalute thee:

I Liſt not to tyre thy patient eares with vnneceſſarie language *(the abuſe of complement.) My mouth's no* Dictionary: *it only ſerues as the needfull interpreter of my* Heart.

I haue heere ſent thee the firſt fruits *of an obortiue* Birth. *It is a dainty* ſubiect, *not Fabulous, but* Truth *it ſelfe.*

*Wonder not at the Title (*A FEAST FOR WORMES:*) for it is a* Song *of* Mercy: *What greater* FEAST *than* Mercy? *And what are* Men *but* WORMES?

Moreouer, I haue gleaned ſome few Meditations, *obuious to the* Hiſtory; *Let me aduiſe thee to keepe the* Taſte *of the* Hiſtory, *whileſt thou readeſt the* Meditations, *and that will make thee* Relliſh *both, the better.*

Underſtanding Reader, fauour me: Gently expound, what it is too late to correct.

He leuado le Golpe, Dios ſea con ella.

Fare well.

TO THE READER.

THE PROPOSITION OF the whole Worke.

'Tis not the Record of Great Hectors Glory,
Whose matchlesse Valour makes the World a Story;
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans Name,
That onely Came, and Look'd, and Ouercame;
Nor One, nor All of those braue Worthies Nine,
(Whose Might was Great, and Acts almost Diuine,
That liu'd like Gods, but dy'd like Men, and gone)
Shall giue my Pen a Taske to treat vpon:
I sing the praises of the King of Kings,
Out of whose mouth, a two-edg'd Smiter springs,
Whose Words are Mystery, whose Works are Wonder,
Whose Eyes are Lightning, & whose Voice is Thunder,
Who like a Curtaine spreads the Heauens out,
Spangl'd with Starres, in Glory round about:
'Tis Hee that cleft the furious waues in twaine,
Making a High-way passage through the Maine:
'Tis He that turn'd the waters into Blood,
And smote the Rocky stone, and caus'd a Flood:
'Tis Hee, that's iustly Armed in his Ire,
Behind with Plagues, before with flaming Fire:
More bright then mid-day Phœbus, are his Eyes,
And whosoeuer sees his Visage, Dyes.
I sing the Praises of Great Iudah's Lyon,
The fragrant Flowre of Iesse, the Lambe of Sion,

Whose Head *is whiter then the driuen* Snow,
Whose Visage *doth like flames of* Fire *Glow*:
His Loynes *begirt with Golden* Belt, *his* Eyne
Like Titan, *riding in his Southerne* Shine,
His Feet *like burning* Brasse, *and as the noyse*
Of surgie Neptunes *roaring, is his* Voyce.
This is that Paschall Lambe, *whose deerest* Blood
Is soueraigne Drinke, *whose* Flesh *is sauing* Food:
His precious Blood, *the Worthies of the* Earth
Did drinke, which (though but borne of Mortall *birth)*
Returnd them Deities: *For who drinkes* THEE,
Shall be receiu'd into Eternall Blisse:
Himselfe's the GIFT, *which* HE *himselfe did giue,*
His Stripes *heale vs, and by* HIS Death *we liue:*
HE *acting* GOD *and* MAN *in double Nature,*
Did reconcile Mankind, *and* Mans Creator.
I, heer's a TASKE *indeed; if* Mortals *could*
Not make a Verse, yet Rocks *and* Mountaines *would:*
The Hils *shall dance, the* Sunne *shall stop his Course,*
Hearing the subiect *of this* high *Discourse:*
The Horse, *and* Gryphin *shall together* sleepe,
The Woolfe *shall fawne vpon the silly* Sheepe,
The Crafty Serpent, *and the Fearfull* Hart
Shall tryne in Consort, *and each beare a* part,
And leape for Ioy, *when my* VRANIA *sings,*
She *sings the praises of the* KING *of* Kings.

THE

THE INTRODVCTION.

¶ THat *Ancient Kingdome*, that old *Assur* sward,
Shew'd two great *Cities*. Ah! but both decai'd,
Both mighty Great, but of vnequall growth;
Both Great in *People*, and in *Building*, both;
But Ah! What hold is there of *Earthly* Good? (stood.
Now *Grasse* growes there, where these braue *Cities*

The name of one, great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From high *Armenia* to the *ruddy* Seas,
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.
¶ The other *Ninus*, *Niniueh* the *Great*,
So huge a *Fabrick*, and well chosen *Seat*,
Dan *Phœbus* fiery *Steeds* (with Maines becurld,
That circundates in twice twelue houres the *World*)
Ne'r saw the like: By Great King * *Ninus* hand,
'Twas raisd and builded, in th' *Assyrians* Land.
On one hand, *Lycus* wash'd her fruitfull sides,
On t'other, *Tygris* with her hasty Tydes.
Begirt she was with *Walls* of wondrous might,
Creeping *twice fifty foot* in measur'd height.
Vpon their bredth, (if ought we may rely
On the report of Sage *Antiquitie*)
Three *Chariots* fairely might themselues display,
And ranke together in a *Battell ray*:
The *Circuit* that her mighty Bulke imbraces,
Containes the mete of *sixty thousand paces*:

* *Assyria.*

Diodor. Siculus lib. 3. rerum antiqu. c. 4.

*Pliny, lib. 6. cap. 26. Strabo, lib. 16. princip. Ptolimæus, li. 6. Geograph. cap. 1. * Assur. Genes. cap. 10. 11. S. August. lib. 15. de ciuit. Dei. Diod. Sic. cap. 1. rerum antiqu.*

The Situation of the Citie.
The height of the Walls.
The bredth.

The Circuit of the Citie.

Within her well-fenc't-*walles* you might diſcouer
Fiue hundred ſtately *Towres*, thrice told ouer;
Whereof the higheſt draweth vp the eye,
As well the low'ſt, an hundred *Cubits* hie;
All rich in thoſe things, which to ſtate belong,
For beauty, *Braue*, and for munition, *Strong*:
Duly, and daily this *Great Worke* was tended
With *ten thouſand Workemen*; Begun, and ended
In *eight yeeres ſpace*; How beautifull! How faire
Thy Building! And how foule thy *Vices* are!
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, double thin thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *Ity* be neuer dri'de;
Thou haſt a *Palace*, that's renown'd ſo much
The like was *neuer*, *is*, nor *will* be ſuch.
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, trebble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Teares* (doe as thy *Cups*) o'rflow;
For this thy *Palace* of ſo great renowne,
Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batterd downe.
But cheere vp, *Niniueh*, thine inbred might,
Hath meanes enough to quell thy *Foemans* ſpite:
Thy Bulwarkes are like *Mountaines*, and thy Wall
Diſdaines to ſtoope to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchfull *Towers* mounted round about,
Keepe thee in ſafety, and thy *Foe-men* out:
I, but thy *Bulwarks* aide, cannot withſtand
The direfull ſtroke of the *Almighties* hand;
Thy Wafer-walls at dread *Iehouah's* blaſt
Shall quake, and quiuer, and ſhall downe be caſt:
Thy watchfull *Towers* ſhall aſleepe be found,
And nod their drowſie *heads* downe to the ground:
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance*-proofe; thy Wall,
When *Iuſtice* brandiſheth her Sword, muſt fall:

The number of her Towers. Diod. Siculus cap. 3. rerum antiquarum.

Her beauty and ſtrength.

The number of her workmen. Radulf. Volateranus.

Nah. 3. 13.

Thy

Thy lofty *Towers* shall be dumbe, and yeeld
To High *Reuenge*; *Reuenge* must win the field;
Vengeance cryes loud from heauen, she cannot stay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brim'd her *Viale* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* shall be burnt, thy *People* slaine;
Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and swolne with pride,
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltlesse *blood* are dy'de;
Thy silly *Babes* doe starue for want of *Food*,
Whose tender *Mothers* thou hast drench't in *Blood*:
Women with child, lie in the streets about,
Whose *Braines* thy sauage *hands* haue dashed out:
Distressed *Widowes* weepe, (but weepe in vaine)
For their deare *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* haue slaine
By one mans *Force*, another man's deuour'd,
Thy *Wiues* are rauisht, and thy Maids deflowr'd,
Where *Iustice* should, their *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac't:
Thy *Altars* defild, and *holy things* defac't:
Thy *Lips* haue tasted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What *thou* hast left, thy *Children* haue drunke vp:
Thy bloody *sinnes*, thine *Abels* guiltlesse *blood*
Cries vp to heauen for *Vengeance*, cryes aloud;
Thy *sinnes* are *feire*, and ready for the fire,
Heere rouze, (my *Muse*) and for a space, respire.

The sinnes of Niniueh.

a Chap. 1. 2.
b 1. 3.
c 2. 4.
d 2. 5.
e 2. 6.
f 3. 15.
g 2. 12.
h Chap. 2. 2.
i 2. 10.
k Chap. 3. 1.
l 2. 3.
m 3. 4.
n 3. 5.
o 3. 7.
p 3. 10.
q Chap. 4. 1.
r 4. 3.
s 4. 5.
t 4. 11.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE HISTORY.

a Chap.1.1,2. GOd [a] *sent* Ionah *the Prophet, to the* Ninivites, *to denounce his* Iudgements *against them for their* sinnes: b. 1. 3. [b] *but* Ionah *tooke shipping, intending to fly to* Tarshish: c. 1. 4. [c] God *raised a* Storme, *which endangered the* Ship: d. 1. 5. [d] *Whereupon the* Mariners (*perplext*) e. 1. 6. [e] *did cast* Lots, *to see for whose sake the* Tempest *was: The* Lot *fell upon* Ionah, f. 1. 15. [f] *They all cōsented, and cast* Ionah *into the* Sea: g. 1. 17. [g] *But God prouided a* Whale, *which receiued* Ionah, *and swallowed him, in whose* Belly *hee continued* three Dayes, h Chap.2.2. *and* three Nights: *Where* ([h] He *praying to* God) i. 2. 10. [i] God *at length spake to the* Whale, *and the* Whale *did cast him* k Chap.3.1,2. *vpon dry* Land *safe and sound:* [k] *So* God *commanded* Ionah *the second time, to goe and denounce his* Iudgements *against the* Niniuites. l. 3. 3. [l] *So* Ionah *went to* Niniueh m. 3. 4. [m] *and prophecied, that (vpon the expiring of* forty dayes) Niniueh *should be destroyed:* n. 3. 5. [n] *Whereupon the* Niniuites *beleeued;* o. 3. 7. [o] *And the* King *caused a* Fast *to bee proclaimed,* p. 3. 10. [p] *so that* God *likewise repented of the* Euill *that* He *had intended to haue done them:* q Chap.4.1. [q] *Vpon which,* Ionah *was* discontented, r. 4. 3. [r] *Desired to* die, s. 4. 5. [s] *Went out of the* City, *& lay without the* Gate, *to see what would become of* Niniueh *after the forty dayes:* t. 4. 5. [t] *There he made him a* Booth *of reeds and boughes, to guard him from the extremitie of the* heat *of the* Sunne,

Sunne, *and* Wind: *But the heat of the* Sunne, *and the fer-*
uency of the Winde *strait withed'd it*: [u] *Whereupon* God u 4. 6.
raised vp a Gourd, *which gaue him much content*. [*] *But the* * 4. 7.
next morning, God *sent a* Worme *which did eate it to the*
ground. [x] *So* Ionah *grew againe into* passion, for *the losse* x 4. 8.
of the Gourd, *wisht to* die, [y] *And iustified his* Anger: y 4. 9.
[z] *Whereupon* God *disputes with* Ionah, *framing his argu-* z 4. 10.
ment, à minore ad maius, viz. *That if thou* (Ionah) *hadst*
so much compassion, and grieued so much for the losse of a
trifling Gourd, *Should not* I (*that am the* God *of mercy*) 4. 11.
take Compassion vpon so Great *a Citie?*

TO

TO THE MOST HIGH

HIS HVMBLE SERVANT IMPLORES HIS FAVOVRABLE ASSISTANCE.

O All-sufficient God, *Great* Lord *of* Light,
Without whose Gracious ayde, *and constant* Sprite,
No labours *prosper* (*howsoe're begun*)
But fly like Mists *before the morning* Sun:
O raise my thoughts, *and cleere my* Apprehension,
Infuse thy Spirit *into my weake* Inuention:
Reflect thy Beames *vpon my feeble* Eyes,
Shew me the Mirrour *of thy* Mysteries;
My Art-lesse Hand, *my humble* Heart *inspire*,
Inflame my frozen Tongue *with holy Fire*:
Ravish my stupid Senses *with thy* Glory;
Sweeten my Lips *with sacred* Oratory:
And (*thou O* FIRST *and* LAST) *assist my* Quill,
That first *and* last, *I may performe thy* Will:
My sole intent's *to blazon forth thy* Praise;
My ruder Pen *expects no* Crowne *of* Bayes.
Suffice it then, Thine Altar *I haue kist*:
Crowne me with Glory; *Take the* Bayes *that list*.

A FEAST FOR WORMES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Word of God to Ionah *came,*
Commanded Ionah *to proclaime,*
The vengeance of his Maiestie,
Against the sinnes of Niniuie.

Sect. 1.

TH' Eternall Word of God, whose high Decree, Chap 1. vers. 1.
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate bee,
Came downe to *Ionah*, from the heauens aboue,
Came downe to * *Ionah*, heauens anointed Doue, * *Ionah interp. is a Doue.*
Ionah, the flowre of old *Amittas* youth,
Ionah, the Prophet, Sonne, and Heire to * Truth, * *Amittai interp. is Truth.*
The blessed Type of him, that ransom'd vs,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus,
"*Arise, trusse vp thy loynes, make all things meet,* Verse 2. *Gods charge to Ionah.*
"*And put thy Sandalls on thy hasty feet,*
"*Gird vp thy reynes, and take thy staffe in hand,*
"*Make no delay, but goe, where I command;*

" *Me pleases not to send thee* (Ionah) *downe,*
" *To sweet Gath-Hepher, thy deare native Towne,*
" *Whose tender paps, with plenty ouerflow;*
" *Nor yet vnto thy brethren shalt thou goe,*
" *Amongst the Hebrewes, where thy spredden fame*
" *Fore-runnes the welcome of thine honor'd name.*
" *No, I'le not send thee thither: Vp, Arise,*
" *And goe to Niniueh, where no Albyes,*
" *Nor consanguinitie preserues thy blood,*
" *To Niniueh, where strangers are withstood:*
" *To Niniueh, a Citie farre remou'd*
" *From thine acquaintance, where tha'rt not belou'd:*
" *I send thee to Mount Sinay; not Mount Sion,*
" *Not to a gentle Lambe, but to a Dion:*
Ier. 20. 3. " *Ne yet to* Lydia, *but to bloody* * Passur,
" *Not to the Land of* Canan, *but of* Assur,
" *Whose language will be riddles to thine eares,*
" *And thine againe will be as strange to theirs;*
" *I say, to* Niniueh, *the worlds great Hall,*
" *The Monarchs seat, high Court Imperiall.*
" *But terrible Mount* Sinay *will affright thee,*
" Passurs *heauy hand is bent to smite thee:*
" *The Lions rore, the people's strong and stout,*
" *The Bulwarkes stand afront to keepe thee out.*
" *Great* Ashur *menaces with whip in hand,*
" *To entertaine thee* (welcome) *to his land.*
" *What then? Arise, be gone; stay not to thinke:*
" *Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting shrinke.*
" *What then, if cruell* Passhur *heape on strokes?*
" *Or* Sinay *blast thee with her sulph'rous smokes?*
" *Or* Ashur *whip thee? Or the Lions rent thee?*
" *P'sh on with courage; I, the Lord haue sent thee:*

Away,

" *Away, away, lay by thy fooliſh pitie,*
" *And goe to* Niniueh *that mighty Citie:*
" *Cry lowd againſt it, let thy dreadfull voice*
" *Make all the Citie eccho with the noyſe:*
" *Not like a* Doue, *but like a Dragon goe,*
" *Pronounce my iudgement, and denounce my* Woe:
" *Make not thine head a fountaine full of teares,*
" *To weepe in ſecret for her ſinnes: Thine eares*
" *Shall heare ſuch things, will make thine eyes run ouer,*
" *Thine eyes ſhall ſmart with what they ſhall diſcouer:*
" *Spend not in priuate, thoſe thy zealous drops,*
" *But hew, and hacke; ſpare neither trunke, nor lops:*
" *Make heauen, and earth rebound, when thou diſcharges,*
" *Plead not like* Paul, *but roare like* Boanarges:
" *Let not the beauty of the buildings bleare thee,*
" *Nor let the terrours of the Rampiers feare thee:*
" *Let no man bribe thy fiſt, (I well aduiſe thee)*
" *Nor foule meanes force thee, nor let faire entice thee:*
" *Ramme vp thine eares: Thy heart of ſtone ſhall bee;*
" *Be deafe to them, as they are deafe to thee:*
" *Goe, cry againſt it. If they aske thee, Why?*
" *Say, heauens great Lord commanded thee to cry:*
" *My Altars ceaſe to ſmoake; their holy fires*
" *Are quencht, and where prayers ſhould, there ſinne aſpires;*
" *The fatneſſe of their fornication fryes*
" *On coales of raging luſt, and vpward flyes,*
" *And makes me ſicke: I heare the mournfull grones*
" *And heauy ſighs of ſuch, whoſe aking bones*
" *Th' oppreſſor grindes: Alas, their griefes implore me,*
" *Their pray'rs, prefer'd with teares pleade lowd before me:*
" *Behold, my ſonnes, they haue oppreſt, and kill'd,*
" *And bath'd their hands within the blood they ſpill'd:*

"The ſteame of guiltleſſe blood makes ſuite vnto me,
"The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;
"The vile prophaner of my ſacred Names,
"He teares my titles, and mine honour maimes,
"Makes Reth'rick of an oath, ſweares, and forſweares,
"Recks not my Mercy, nor my Iudgement feares:
"They eate, they drinke, they ſleepe, they tire the night
"In wanton dalliance, and vncleane delight.
"Heauens winged Herald Ionas, *vp, and goe*
"To mighty Niniueh, Denounce my woe;
"Aduance thy voice, and when thou haſt aduanc't,
"Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out againſt it:
"Hold out thy Trumpet, and with louder breath,
"Proclaime my ſudden comming, and their death.

Apolog. Authoris.

IT was my morning Muſe; A Muſe whoſe ſpirit
Tranſcends (I feare) the fortunes of her merit,
Too bold a Muſe, whoſe feathers (yet in blood)
She neuer bath'd, in the Pyrenean *Flood;*
A Muſe vnbreath'd, vnlikely to obtaine
An eaſie honour, by ſo ſtout a Traine;
Expect no loſty Hagard, *that ſhall fly*
A leſſning pitch, to the deceiued eye;
If in her Downy Soreage, ſhe but ruffe
So ſtrong a Doue, may it be thought enough;
Beare with her; Time and Fortune may requite
Your patient ſufferance, with a fairer flight.

Applicatio.

TO thee (Malfido) now I turne my Quill,
That God is ſtill that God, and will be ſtill.

The

The painfull Pastors take vp *Iona's* roome:
And thou the Niniuite, to whom they come.

Meditatio prima.

HOw great's the loue of God vnto his creature?
Or is his Wisedome, or his Mercy greater?
I know not whether: O th'exceeding loue
Of highest God! that from his Throne aboue,
Will send the brightnesse of his Grace to those
That grope in darknesse, and his Grace oppose:
He helpes, prouides, inspires, and freely giues,
As pleas'd to see vs rauell out our liues;
He giues vs from the heape, He measures not,
Nor deales (like Manna*) each his stinted lot,*
But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,
(With such like oyle as from the Widowes cruse
Did issue forth) in fulnesse, without wasting,
Where plenty still was had, yet plenty lasting.
I, there is care in heauen, and heauenly sprights,
That guides the world, and guards poore mortall wights,
There is; else were the miserable state
Of Man, more wretched and vnfortunate
Than sauage beasts: But O th'abounding loue
Of highest God! whose Angels from aboue
Dismount the Towre of Blisse, fly to and fro,
Assisting wretched man, their deadly foe.
What thing is Man, that Gods regard is such?
Or why should heauen loue retchlesse Man so much?
Why? what are men? But quicken'd lumps of earth?
A Feast For Wormes; *A bubble full of mirth;*
A Looking-glasse for griefe; A flash; A minute;
A painted Toombe, with putrifaction in it;

A mappe of Death; A burthen of a ſong;
A winters Duſt; A worme of fiue foot long:
Begot in ſinne; In darkneſſe nouriſht; Borne
In ſorrow; Naked; Shiftleſſe, and forlorne:
His firſt voice (heard) is crying for reliefe;
Alas! He comes into a world of griefe:
His Age is ſinfull; and his Youth is vaine;
His life's a puniſhment; his death's a paine;
His life's an houre of Ioy; a world of Sorrow;
His death's a winters night, that findes no morrow:
Mans life's an Houre-glaſſe, which being run,
Concludes that houre of Ioy, and ſo is dun.
Ionah *muſt goe; nor is this charge confind*
To Ionah, *but to all the world enioyned;*
You Magiſtrates, ariſe, and take delight
In dealing Iuſtice, and maintaining Right;
There lyes your Niniueh; Merchants ariſe,
And mingle conſcience with your Merchandiſe;
Lawyers ariſe, make not your righteous Lawes,
A ſtale for Bribes; Let Iuſtice rule the cauſe:
Tradeſmen ariſe, and plye your thriuing ſhops,
With truer hands, and eate your meate with drops:
Paul *to thy Tents, and* Peter *to thy Net,*
And all muſt goe that courſe, which God hath ſet.

¶ *Great God, awake vs, in theſe drowſie times,*
Leſt vengeance finds vs ſleeping in our Crymes,
Encreaſe ſucceſſion in thy Prophets liew,
For loe, thy Harueſt's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGVMENT.

But Ionah *toward Tharsis went,*
A Tempest doth his course preuent:
The Mariners are sore oppresst,
While Ionah *sleepes, and takes his rest.*

Sect. 2.

BVt *Ionah* thus bethought: *The City's great,* *Hist.* Chap. 1. verse 3.
And mighty Ashur *stands with deadly threat;*
Their hearts are hardned, that they cannot heare:
Will greene wood burne, when so vnapt's the feire?
Strange is the charge: Shall I goe to a place
Vnknowne, and forraine? Aye me! hard's the case,
That righteous Isr'el must be thus neglected, *Prima occasio fugæ.*
When Miscreants and Gentiles are respected:
How might I hope my words shall there succeed, 2. *Occasio.*
Which thriue not with the flockes I daily feed?
I know my God is gentle, and enclinde, 3. *Occasio.*
To tender mercy, apt to change his minde
Vpon the least repentance: Then shall I
Be deem'd as false, and shame my Prophesie.
O heauy burthen of a doubtfull mind!
Where shall I goe, or which way shall I wind?
My heart like Ianus, *looketh to and fro;*
My Credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Goe:
If Goe; my labour's lost, my shame's at hand:
If stay; Lord! I transgresse my Lords command:

If

If goe; from bad eſtate, to worſe, I fall:
If ſtay; I ſlide from bad, to worſt of all.
My God bids goe, my credit bids me ſtay;
My guilty feare bids fly another way.

So *Ionah* ſtraight aroſe, himſelfe bedight
With fit acoutrements, for haſty flight:
In ſtead of ſtaffe, he tooke a Shipmans weed;
In ſtead of going, loe, he flyes with ſpeed.

Simile. Like as a Hawke (that ouermatcht with might,
Doing ſad penance for th'vnequall fight,
(Anſw'ring the Faulkners ſecond ſhout (does flee
From fiſt; turnes tayle to Fowle, and takes a tree:
So *Ionah* baulks the place where he was ſent
* *Ciuitas Paleſt.* (To Niniueh) and downe to * Iaffa went;
He ſought, enquired, and at laſt he found
A welcome Ship, that was to Tharſis bound,
Where he may fly the preſence of his Lord:
He makes no ſtay, but ſtraightway goes aboord,
His haſty purſe for bargaine finds no leiſure,
(Where ſin delights, ther's no account of treaſure:)
Nor did he know, nor aske, how much his Fare:
He gaue: They tooke; all parties pleaſed are:
(How thriftleſſe of our coſt, and paines, are we,
Great God of heauen and earth, to fly from thee!)
Now haue the Pilots drunke their parting cup,
And ſome (with Sailors tune) are hoyſting vp,
Others the while, the faithfull Anchor wey,
The Ship, (as loth to leaue her quiet key,)
Creepes eaſly off, and (with directed courſe)
She glides along the ſhore with gentle force;
And now the whiſtling wind begins to dally
With *Aura's* fanne: Now ſtronger guſts doe ſally

Forth

Forth, rudely playing on the hollow ſayle,
And from the Mountaines blowes a luſty Gale:
She mounts the billowes with a lofty grace,
And now ſhe cuts the Deepe, and ſcuds apace
From land; from whence (vnwilling) ſhe was driuen,
Nothing's perceiued now but Sea, and heauen; *The Tempeſt.*
Betwixt them both, the bluſtring winds doe play,
The waues know not which Maſter to obey:
For now the Eaſt winde mutin's with the Weſt,
And now the Weſt winde counterbuffes the Eaſt,
And now the hollow *Boreas* roares amaine,
And vexed *Notus* thwarts the North againe:
Thus croſſely croſt, they threaten in reuenge,
To force the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge.
The Guide's perplext, and knowes not what to doe,
His Art's amaz'd, in ſuch a maze of woe:
The Welkin ſtormes, and rages more and more,
The Raine powr's down, the Heauens begin to roare,
As they would ſplit the maſſie earth in ſunder,
From them that liue aboue, to thoſe liue vnder:
The reſtleſſe waues, and rolling billowes beate,
As they would ſhoulder *Neptune* from his ſeate;
The billowes ſeeme to mount the clouds, (or higher)
The dusky clouds did flaſh with often fire:
Now doth the Ship as high as heauen ſwell,
And now (o'rewhelm'd with waues) as low as hell;
The Barke no leſſe doth yeeld to *Neptunes* ſway,
Than lofty Tow'rs, when thundring Ordnance play.
The hardy Mariners begin to quaile: *Verſe 5.*
They vere their maine ſheet, & they ſtrike their ſaile:
Their haire bolts vp, pale Death vſurps their cheekes,
Their mouthes are full of cries, their tongs of ſhreeks:

They ſound with endleſſe line, and ſound againe:
They pumpe, and ſtill they pumpe, but all in vaine:
They row, and breake their Oares: At laſt th'aſſay
Each Mariner vnto his god to pray.
They prai'd; but winds did ſnatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not goe to whom they pray:
But ſtill they pray, but ſtill the wind and weather
Do turn both pray'rs, & ſailes they know not whither
Their gods were deafe, their danger waxed greater,
They caſt their wares out, and yet ne're the better:
But all this while was *Ionah* drown'd in ſleepe,
And in the lower decke was buried deepe.

Meditatio ſecunda.

Obiect.

BVt ſtay: this was a ſtrange and vncouth word:
Did Ionah *fly the preſence of the Lord?*
What miſter word is that? He that repleats
The mighty Vniverſe, whoſe lofty ſeat's
Th'imperiall Heauen, whoſe footſtoole is the face
Of maſſie Earth? Can be from any place
Be ſpar'd? or yet by any meanes excluded,
That is in all things? (and yet not included?)
Could Ionah *find a reſting any where*
So void, or ſecret, that God was not there?
I ſtand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
Did Ionah *fly the preſence of the Lord?*

Deus regnat in cœlis per gloriam.
In terris per gratiam.
Apud inferos per iuſtitiam.

Mount vp to heauen aboue, and there he is,
Swaying the Scepter of his Kingly bliſſe:
Beſtride the earth beneath (with weary pace)
And there he beares the Oliue branch of Grace:
Dive downe into th'extreme Abyſſe of Hell,
And there in Iuſtice doth th'Almightie dwell.

Whas

What vnsouth Cloiſter could there then afford
A ſcreene 'twixt faithleſſe Ionah, *and his Lord?*
¶ Ionah *was charg'd, to take a charge in hand;* Reſolut.
But Ionah *turn'd his backe on Gods command;*
Shooke off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
And what was ſtrictly charg'd, he quite reiected:
And ſo he fled the power of his Word;
And ſo he fled the preſence of his Lord.
¶ *Good God! how poore a thing is wretched man?*
So fraile, that let him ſtriue the beſt he can,
With euery little blaſt hee's ouerdon:
If mighty Cedars of great Libanon,
Cannot the danger of the Axe withſtand,
Lord! how ſhall we, that are but Buſhes, ſtand?
How fond, corrupt, and ſenceleſſe is mankind?
How faining deafe is he? How wilfull blind?
He ſtops his eares, and ſinnes: he ſhuts his eyes,
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies:
He ſinnes, deſpaires; and then to ſtint his griefe,
He chuſes death, to baulke the God of life.
¶ *Poore wretched ſinner, trauell where thou wilt,*
Thy trauell ſhall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climbe tops of Hils, that proſpects may delight thee,
There will thy ſinnes (like Wolues and Beares) affright thee:
Flie to the Valleys, that thoſe frights may ſhunne thee,
And there like Mountaines they will fall vpon thee:
Or to the raging ſeas, (with Ionah) *goe;*
There will thy ſinnes like ſtormie Neptune *flow.*
Poore ſhifileſſe Man! what ſhall become of thee?
Wher' ere thou fly'ſt, thy griping ſinne will ſee.
¶ *But all this while the Ship, where* Ionah *ſleepes.*
Is vexed ſore, and batter'd on the Deeps,

And well-nigh ſplit vpon the threatning Rocke,
With many a boyſtrous bruſh, and churly knocke:
God ſend the comfortleſſe, an happy houre,
And ſhield all good men from ſuch ſtormy ſtowre.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Pilot thumps on Ionah's *breſt,*
And rowzeth Ionah *from his reſt:*
They all caſt Lots, (being ſore affrighted:)
The ſacred Lot on Ionah *lighted.*

Sect. 3.

Hiſt. Chap. 1. verſe 6.

THe hapleſſe Pylot finding no ſucceſſe,
(But that the ſtorme grew rather more thē leſſe,
For all their toyleſome paines, and needleſſe
Deſpairing both of life, and goods) repaires
To *Ionahs* drowzie Cabbin; mainly calls;
Calls *Ionah*, *Ionah*; and yet lowder yawles;
Yet *Ionah* ſleepes; and giues a ſhrug, or two,
And ſnores, (as greedy ſleepers vſe to doe.)
The wofull Pylot iogs him, (but in vaine.)
(Perchance he dreames an idle word, or twaine;)
At length he tugs and puls his heauy courſe,
And thunders on his breſt, with all his force.
But (after many yawnes) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus beſpake him:

The Pylot awakes Ionah.

The Pylots ſpeech to Ionah.

"*Ariſe, O Sleeper, O, ariſe, and ſee,*
"*There's not a twiny thrid twixt death, and thee:*

"*This*

"This darkſome place (thou meaſur'ſt) is thy graue,
"And ſudden Death rides proud on yonder waue;
"Ariſe, O Sleeper, O ariſe and pray,
"Perhaps thy God will heare, and not ſay, Nay:
"Repaire the loſſe of theſe our ill-ſpent houres,
"Perchance thy God's more powerfull then ours;
"Heauens hand may ceaſe, and haue compaſſion on vs,
"And turne away this miſchiefe it hath done vs.

The ſturdy Saylers (weary of their paine,) Verſe 7.
Finding their bootleſſe labour loſt, and vaine,
Forbare their toyleſome taske, & wrought no more,
But wiſht for Death, for which they lookt before;
They call a parley, and conſult together,
They count their ſinnes, (accuſing one another)
That for his ſinne, or his, this euill was wrought:
In fine, they all proue guilty of the fault;
But yet the Queſti on was not ended ſo:
One ſayes, *Twas thine offence, but he ſayes, No,*
But 'twas for thy ſake, that accuſes mee;
Ruſht forth a third (the worſer of the three)
And ſwore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and ſay'd, 'Twas thine for ſwearing:
In came a fift, accuſing all; (replying
But little elſe) they all chid him for lying;
One ſaid it was, another ſay'd 'twas not:
So all agreed, to ſtint the ſtrife by Lot:
Then all was whiſt, and all to prayer went;
(For ſuch a buis'nes, a fit complement)
The Lot was caſt; t' pleas'd God, by Lots to tell,
The Lot was caſt; The Lot on *Ionah* fell.

Meditatio tertia.

O Sacred Subiect of a Meditation!
Thy Works (O Lord) are full of Admiration,
Thy iudgements all are iuſt, ſeuere, and ſure,
They quite cut off, or elſe, by launcing, cure
The feſtring ſore of a Rebellious heart,
Leſt foule infection tayntth'immortall part.
How deepe a Lethargie doth this diſeaſe
Bring to the ſlumbring Soule through careleſſe eaſe!
Which once being wak't, (as from a Golden Dreame)
Lookes vp, and ſees her griefes the more extreme,
How ſeeming ſweet's the quiet ſleepe of ſin?
Which when a wretched man's once nuzzl'd in,
How ſoundly ſleepes he, without feare, or wit?
No ſooner doe his armes infolded knit,
A drowzie knot vpon his careleſſe breſt,
But there he ſnorts, and ſnores in endleſſe reſt;
His eyes are cloſed faſt, and deafe his eares,
And (like Endymion) ſleepes himſelfe in yeares;
His ſence-bound heart, relents not at the voyce
Of gentle warning, neither does the noyſe
Of ſtrong reproofe awake his ſleeping eare,
Nor lowder threatnings thunder makes him heare;
So deafe's the ſinners eare, ſo numb'd his ſence,
That ſinne's no corroſiue, breeds no offence;
Conſuetudo peccandi tollit ſenſum peccati. For cuſtome brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the ſence, and takes away the ſmart.
¶ But ſtay; Did one of Gods elected number,
(Whoſe eyes ſhould neuer ſleepe, nor eye-lids ſlumber)
So much forget himſelfe? Did Ionah ſleepe,
That ſhould be watchfull, and the Tower keepe?

Did

Did Ionah *(the ſelected mouth of God)*
In ſtead of roaring Iudgements, does he nod?
Did Ionah *ſleepe ſo ſound? Could he ſleepe then,*
When (with the ſuddaine ſight of Death) the men
(So many men) with yelling ſhriekes, and cryes,
Made very heauen report? Were Ionah's *eyes*
Still cloſ'd, and he, not of his life bereauen?
Hard muſt he winke, that ſhuts his eyes from heau'n.
O righteous Iſr'el, *where, O, where art thou?*
Where is thy Lampe? thy zealous Shepheard now?
Alas! the rau'nous Wolues will worr' thy Sheepe;
Thy Shepheard's careleſſe, and is fall'n aſleepe;
Thy wandring flocks are frighted from their fold,
Their Shepheard's gone, and Foxes are too bold:
They, they whoſe ſmooth-fac'd words become the Altar,
Their works diſcent, and firſt begin to faulter;
And they, that ſhould be Watch-lights in the Temple,
Are ſnuffes, and want the oyle of good example;
The choſen Watch-men, that the Tow'r ſhould keepe,
Are waxen heauy-ed'd, and fall'n aſleepe.
¶ *Lord, if thy Watch-men winke too much, awake them;*
Although they ſlumber, doe not quite forſake them;
The fleſh is weake, ſay not (if dulneſſe ſeaze Math. 13.41.
Their heauy eyes) Sleepe henceforth: Take your eaſe:
And we poore weakelings, when we ſleepe in ſin
Knocke at our drowzie hearts; and neuer lin,
Till thou awake our ſinne-congealed eyes;
Leſt (drown'd in ſleepe) we ſinke, and neuer riſe.

THE ARGVMENT.

They question Ionah, *whence he came,*
His Country, and his peoples Name;
He makes reply: They mone their woe,
And aske his counsell what to doe.

Sect. 4.

Histor. Chap. 1. v. 8. *Simile.*

AS when a Theefe's appr'hended on suspect,
And charg'd for some supposed malefact,
A rude concourse of people, strait accrewes,
Whose itching eares euen smart, to know the newes,
The guilty pris'ner (to himselfe betray'd)
He stands deiected, trembling and afrayd:
So *Ionah* stood the Saylers all among,
Inclosed round amid the ruder throng.
As in a Summers Euening you shall heare
In Hiue of Bees (if you lay close your eare)
Confused buzzing, and seditious noyse,
Such was the murmur of the Saylers voice.

The Mariners speech to Ionas.

"*What was thy sinfull act, that causes this,*
"(*Sayes one*) *wherein hast thou so done amisse?*
"*Tell vs, What is thine Art* (*another sayes*)
"*That thou professest? Speake man, Whence awayes,*
"*From what Confines cam'st thou?* (*A third replyes*)
"*What is thy Country? And of what allies?*
"*What, art thou borne a Iew? or Gentile? Whether?*
"(*Ere he could lend an answer vnto either*)

"*A fourth*

" *A fourth demands: Where hath thy breeding been?*
All what they askt, they all askt o're agen;
In fine, their eares (impatient of delay)
Becalm'd their tongues, to heare what he could ſay.
So *Ionas* (humbly rearing vp his eyes) *Ionahs ſpeech to the Mariners.*
Breaking his long kept ſilence, thus replyes:
" *I am an Hebrew, ſonne of* * Abraham, * *Hebræi quaſi Abrahæi. S. Aug. l. 1. ſuper Gen.*
" *From whom my Land did firſt deriue her name,*
" *Within the Land of* Iury *was I borne,*
" *My name is* Ionah, *reckleſſe, and forlorne.*
" *I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,*
" *For from before the face of God I flee,*
" *From whence (through diſobedience) I am driuen;*
" *I feare* Iehouah, *the great God of Heauen:*
" *I feare the Lord of Heauen, whoſe glorious hand*
" *Did make this ſtormie Sea, and maſſy land.*
So ſaid, their eares with double rauiſhment, Verſe 3.
Still hung vpon his melting lips, attent,
Whoſe dreadful words, their hearts ſo neere impierc't,
That from themſelues, themſelues were quite diuers't. *Simile.*
As in a ſowltry Summers euentide,
(When luſtfull *Phœbus* re-ſalutes the Bride,
And *Philamela* 'gins her caroling:)
A Herd of Deere are browzing in a ſpring,
With eager appetite, miſweening nought,
Nor in ſo deepe a ſilence fearing ought:
A ſudden cracke, or ſome vnthought-of ſound
Or bounce of Fowlers Peece, or yelpe of Hound,
Diſturbs their quiet peace with ſtrange amaze, (gaze:
Where (ſenceleſſe halfe) through feare, they ſtand at
So ſtand the Sea-men, (as with Ghoſts affrighted,)
Entraunc'd with what, this man of God recited.

Their tyred limmes doe now waxe faint, and lither,
Their hearts did earne, their knees did smite together:
Congealed blood vsurpt their trembling hearts,
And left a faintnesse in their feeble parts:
Who (trembling out distracting language,) thus:

The Mariners speech. Interrogatio. "*Why hast thou brought this mischiefe vpon vs?*
"*What humour led thee to a place vnknowne,*
"*To seeke a forreine Land, and leaue thine owne?*
Admiratio. "*What faith hadst thou, by leauing thine abode,*
"*To thinke to fly the presence of thy God?*
Reprehensio. "*Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgrest)*
"*The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest?*
"*Art thou a Prophet, and dost thou amisse?*
"*What is the cause? and why hast thou done this?*
Verse 11. "*What shall we doe? The Tempest lends no eare*
"*To fruitlesse chat, nor doe the billowes heare,*
"*Or marke our language: waues are not attent,*
"*Our goods they float, our needlesse paines are spent:*
"*Our Bark's not weather-proofe, for aye to last;*
"*(No Fort so strong, but daily siege will wast.)*
"*The Lot accuses thee, thy words condemne thee,*
"*The waues (thy deaths-men) striue to ouerwhelme thee:*
"*What shall we doe? Thou Prophet, speake, we pray thee:*
"*Thou fear'st the Lord; Alas! we may not slay thee:*
"*Or shall we saue thee? No, for thou dost flye*
"*The face of God, and so deseru'st to dye:*
"*Thou Prophet, speake, what shall we doe to thee,*
"*That angry seas may calme, and quiet be?*

Meditatio quarta.

GIue leaue a little to adiourne your Text,
And ease my soule, my soule with doubts perplext.
Can he be said to feare the Lord, that flyes him? Obiect.
Can Word confesse him, when as Deed denies him?
My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine eare, Resolutio.
And read the myst'ry of a twofold feare:
The first, a seruile feare, for Iudgements sake;
And thus hells Fyrebrands doe feare and quake.
Thus Adam *fear'd, and fled behind a tree:*
And thus did bloody Cain *feare and flee.*
Vnlike to this, there is a second kind
Of feare, extracted from a zealous mind,
Full fraught with loue, and with a conscience cleare
From base respects: It is a filiall feare;
A feare whose ground would iust remaine, and leuell,
Were neither Heauen, nor Hell, nor God, nor Diuell.
Such was the feare that Princely Dauid *had;*
And thus our wretched Ionah *fear'd, and fled:*
He fled asham'd, because his sinnes were such;
He fled asham'd, because his feare was much.
He fear'd Iehouah, *other fear'd he none,*
Him he acknowledg'd; Him he fear'd alone:
Vnlike to those men, that (befoold with errour)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terrour.
Th' Egyptians, *God* Apis *did implore,*
God Assas *the* Chaldeans *did adore:*
Babel *to the* Deuouring Dragon *seekes,*
Th' Arabians, Astaroth; Iuno, *the* Greekes;
The name of Belus, *the* Assyrians *hallow,*
The Troians, Vesta; Corinth, *wise* Apollo;

Th' Arginians *sacrifice vnto the Sunne;*
To Light-foot Mercury *bowes* Macedon;
To god Volunus, *louers bend their knee:*
To Pauor, *those that faint, and fearfull bee:*
Who pray for health, and strength, to Murcia *those;*
And to Victoria, *they that feare to lose:*
To Muta, *they that feare a womans tongue:*
To great Lucina, *women great with young:*
To Esculapius, *they that line oppreſt:*
And ſuch to Quies, *that deſire reſt.*

O blinded Ignorance of antique times,
How blent with errour, and how ſtuft with crimes
Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
How clog'd with needleſſe gods! How obſtinate!
How void of order, and how inconfuſe!
How full of dangerous and foule abuſe!
How ſandy were thy grounds, and how vnſtable!
How many Deities! yet how vnable!

Implore theſe gods, that liſt to howle and barke,
They bow to Dagon, Dagon *to the Arke:*
But he to whom the ſeale of mercy's giuen,
Adores Iehouah, *the great God of Heauen:*
Vpon the mention of whoſe ſacred Name,
Meeke Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lyons tame:
Bright Sol *ſhall ſtop, and heauen ſhall turne his courſe:*
Mountaines ſhall dance, and Neptune *ſlake his force:*
The Seas ſhall part, the fire want his flame,
Vpon the mention of Iehouah's *Name:*
A Name, that makes the roofe of Heauen to ſhake,
The frame of Earth to quiuer, Hell to quake:
A Name, to which all Angels blow their trumpt;
A Name, puts frolicke man into his dumpt,

(*Though*

(Though ne're so blythe) A name of high renowne,
It mounts the meeke, and beates the lofty downe;
A Name, diuides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard, and flinty stone,
Extracteth hearts of flesh, and makes relent
Those hearts that neuer knew what mercy ment.
O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy Glory plac't aboue the heau'n?
To tender mouthes of Sucklings thou hast giu'n
Coerciue pow'r, and boldnesse to reproue,
When elder men doe what them no'te behoue.
O Lord! How great's the power of thy hand?
O God! How great's thy Name in all the Land?

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prophet doth his fault discouer,
Perswades the men to cast him ouer;
They rowe, and toyle, but doe no good,
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

Sect. 5.

SO Ionah fram'd this speech to their demand;
"*Not that I seeke to trauerse the command,*
"*Of my deare Lord, and ont of minde peruerse,*
"*T'auoid the* Niniuites, *doe I amerce*
"*My selfe; Nor that I euer heard you threat,*
"*(Vnlesse I went to* Niniueh, *(the great)*

Chap. 1. ver 1 Iona's last w.

"*And*

" And doe the message sent her from the Lord)
" That you would kill, or cast me ouer-board,
" Doe I doe this; 'Tis my deserued fine:
" You all are guiltlesse, and the fault is mine:
" 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he:
" The tempest comes from heau'n, the cause from me;
" You shall not lose a haire for this my sin,
" Nor perish for the fault that mine hath bin;
" Lo, I the man am here: Lo, I am He,
" The roote of all; End your reuenge on me;
" I fled th' Eternall God; O, let me then
" (Because I fled from God) so flye from men:
" Redeeme your liues with mine; Ah, why should I,
" Not guiltlesse liue; and you, not guilty, dye?
" I am the man, for whom these billowes dance,
" My death shall purchase your deliuerance;
" Feare not to cease your feares; but throw me in;
" Alas! my soule is burthen'd with my sin,
" And God is iust, and bent to his Decree,
" Which certaine is, and cannot altred bee;
" I am proclaim'd a Traytor to the King
" Of heau'n, and earth: The windes with speedy wing
" Acquaint the Seas: The Seas mount vp on hie,
" And cannot rest, vntill the Traytor dee;
" Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended;
" Let Death make Iustice mends, which life offended;
" Oh, let the swelling waters me embalme;
" So shall the Waues be still, and Sea be calme.

Verse 13. So said, th' amazed Mariners grew sad,
New Loue abstructed, what old Feare did adde;
Loue called Pitie; Feare call'd Vengeance in;
Loue view'd the Sinner; Feare beheld the Sin;

Loue

Loue cry'd out, Hold; for better ſau'd, then ſpill'd;
But Feare cry'd, Kill; O better kill, then kill'd:
Thus plung'd with Paſſions, they diſtracted were
Betwixt the hopes, and doubts, of Loue and Feare;
Some cry'd out, Saue: If this foule deed we doe,
Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt vs too:
Others cry'd, No; May rather death befall
To One (that hath deſeru'd to dye) then all:
Saue him (ſayes One,) Oh ſaue the man, that thus
His deareſt blood hath proffer'd to ſaue vs;
No, (ſayes another) vengeance muſt haue blood,
And vengeance ſtrikes moſt hard, when moſt with ſtood.
In fine (ſay all:) Then let the Prophet dye,
And we ſhall liue; For Prophets cannot lye:

Loth to be guilty of their owne, yet loth
To haſte poore *Ionahs* death, with hope, that both
Th'approaching euils might be at once preuented,
With oft-repeated labours, oft attented,
They digg'd, and deepely delu'd the furrow'd Seas,
With brawny armes they plough'd the watry Leas,
Hoping (in vaine) by toyle to win the ſhore, (fore.
And wrought more hard, then erſt they wrought be-
Alas! their feeble ſtrength now weares away,
(For bodies wanting reſt, muſt ſoone decay)
The Seas are angry, and the waues ariſe,
Appeaſ'd with nothing, but a Sacrifice;
Gods vengeance ſtormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Ionah* (dying) can appeaſe:
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free,
What Heauen hath bound by a diuine decree:
Ionah muſt die, Heauen hath decreed it ſo,
Ionah muſt die, or elſe they all die too;

Ionah

Ionah must die, that from his Lord did flye;
The Lot determines, *Ionah* then must dye;
His guilty word confirmes the sacred Lot,
Ionah must die then, if they perish not.

Verse 14. *The Mariners Prayer.*

" *If Iustice then appoint, (since he must dye,*
" *Said they) vs Actors of this Tragedie,*
" *(We begge not (Lord) a warrant to offend)*
" *O, pardon blood-shed, that we must intend;*
" *Though not our hands, yet shall our hearts be cleare,*
" *Then let not staineless Consciences beare*
" *The ponderous burthen of a Murthers guilt,*
" *Or pay the price of blood, that must be spilt;*
" *For lo, (deare Lord) it is thine owne Decree,*
Expl. Hist. " *And we sad ministers of Iustice be.*

Meditatio quinta.

Obiect. BVt stay awhile, this thing would first be knowne:
Can Ionah *giue himselfe, and not his owne?*
That part to God, and to his Country this
Pertaines, so that a slender third is his;
Why then should Ionah *doe a double wrong,*
To deale himselfe away, that did belong
The least vnto himselfe? or how could he
Teach this, (Thou Shalt Not Kill) *if* Ionah *be*
His lifes owne Butcher? What was this a deed
That with the Calling he profest, agreed?
The purblind age (whose workes (almost diuine)
Did meerely with the eyle of nature shine,
That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,
To whip their conscience with a steely Rod,)
How much did they abharre so foule a fact?
When (led by Natures glimpse) they made an Act,

That

That what man e're is ſo vnnaturall
To kill himſelfe, ſhould want a buriall;
Can ſuch doe ſo, when Ionah does amiſſe?
What, Ionas, Iſr'els Teacher! and doe this?
The Law of charitie doth all forbid,
In this thing to doe that, which Ionah did;
Moreo're, in charitie, 'tis thy beheſt,
Of dying men to thinke, and ſpeake the beſt;
The mighty Samſon did as much as this;
And who dare ſay, that Samſon did amiſſe,
If heauens high Spirit whiſper'd in his eare
Expreſſe command to do't? No wauering feare
Drew backe the righteous Abram's armed hand
From Iſaacks death, ſecur'd by heauens command.
¶ Sure is the knot that true Religion tyes,
And Loue that's rightly grounded, neuer dyes;
It ſeemes a Paradox, beyond beliefe,
That men in trouble ſhould prolong reliefe;
That Pagans, (to withſtand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglectiue of their owne eſtate,
Truſting their liues vpon a twyny thread,
And (dauntleſſe) daunce about in dangers dread.
Where is this Loue become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endleſſe Pilgrimage
From hence, and neuer to returne (I doubt)
Till reuolution wheele thoſe times about;
Chill breſts haue ſtaru'd her here, and ſhe is driu'n
Away; and with Aſtræa fled to heau'n:
Charitie, that naked Babe is gone,
Her hony's ſpent, and all her ſtore is done,
Her wingleſſe Bees can finde out ne'r a bloome,
And crooked * Ate doth vſurpe her roome;

Homicida in ſe, inſepultus abiiciatur. Seneca.

Reſolu. Non ideo ſine ſcelere facit alter &c. S. Aug. lib. 1. de ciuitat. Dei. cap. 26. Iudg. 16. 30.

Spiritus latenter hoc inſſerat. S. Aug

Cùm Deus iubet ſe iubere ſine vllis ambagibus intimat, quis inobedientiam in crimen vocat? S. Aug.

Caritas eſt infans ſine pannis, dans mel apium ſine pennis.

* Dea Litis.

Nepenthe's *dry, and Loue can get no drinke*
And curs'd Ardenne *flowes aboue the brinke:*
Braue Mariners, the world your names shall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow;
Your friendship's rare, and your conuersion strange:
From Paganisme to Zeale? A suddaine change!
Those men doe now the God of heau'n implore,
That bow'd to Puppets, but an houre before;
Their Zeale is feruent (though but new begun)
Before their egge-shels were done off, they run,
As when bright Phœbus, *in a Summer tide,*
Simile. *(New risen from the Bosome of his Bride)*
Enueloped with misty fogges, at length
Breakes forth, displayes the mist, with Southerne strength;
Euen so these Mariners (of Peerelesse mirrour)
Their faith b'ing vayl'd within the mist of errour,
At length their Zeale chac'd ignorance away,
They left their Puppits and began to pray.
¶ *Lord, how vnlimited are thy Confines,*
That still pursu'st man in his good designes!
Thy mercy's like the dew of Hermon *hill,*
Or like the Oyntment, dropping downward still
From Aarons *head, to beard; from beard, to foot:*
So doe thy mercies drench vs round about:
Thy loue is boundlesse; Thou art apt, and free,
To turne to Man, when Man returnes to thee.

THE ARGVMENT.

They cast the Prophet ouer-boord:
The storme alay'd: They feare the Lord;
A mighty Fish him straight deuoures,
Where he remained many houres.

Sect. 6.

EVen as a member, whose corrupted sore
Infests, and rankl's, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies losse (if not preuented)
The wise Chirurgeon (all faire meanes attended)
Cuts off, and with aduised skill doth choose,
To lose a part, then all the body lose;
Euen so the feeble Sailors (that addresse
Their idle armes, where heauen denies successe)
Forbeare their thriueless labours, and deuise
To roote that Euill, from whence their harmes arise,
Treason is in their thoughts, and in their eares
Danger reuiues the old, and addes new feares;
Their hearts grow fierce, and euery soule applyes
T'abandon mercy from his tender eyes:
They cease t'attempt what heauen so long withstood,
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood:
They whisper ought, each word is Death's Alarme;
They hoyst him vp; Each lends a busie arme,
And with vnited powers they entombe
His out-cast body in *Thetis* angry wombe:

Hist. Cha. 1. ver. 15. *Simile.*

Whereat grim *Neptune* wip't his fomy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace vpon the South;
The windes were whift, the billowes daunc't no more,
The ſtorme allay'd, the heau'ns left off to rore,
The waues (obedient to their pilgrimage)
Gaue ready paſſage, and ſurceaſt their rage,
The skie grew cleare, and now the welcome light
Begins to put the gloomy clouds to flight:
Thus all on ſudden was the Sea tranquill,
The heau'ns were quiet, and the Waues were ſtill.
Simile. As when a friendly Creditor (to get
A long forborne, and much-concerning debt)
Still plyes his willing debter with entreats,
Importunes dayly, dayly thumps, and beates
The batter'd Portalls of his tyred eares,
Bedeafing him with what he knowes, and heares;
The weary debter, to auoyd the ſight
He loathes, ſhifts here, and there, and eu'ry night
Seekes out Protection of another bed,
Yet ne'retheleſſe (purſu'd and followed)
His eares are ſtill layd at with lowder volley
Of harder Dialect; He melancholy,
Sits downe, and ſighs, and after long fore-flowing,
(T'auoid his preſence) payes him what is owing;
The thankfull Creditor is now appeas'd,
Takes leaue, and goes away content, and pleas'd.
Euen ſo theſe angry waues, with reſtleſſe rage,
Accoſted *Ionas* in his pilgrimage;
And thundred Iudgement in his fearfull eare,
Preſenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare;
The Waues roſe diſcontent, the Surges beat,
And euery moments death, the billowes threat;

The weather-beaten Ship did euery minnit
Await destruction, while he was in it:
But when his (long expected) corps they threw
Into the deepe, (a debt, through trespasse, due)
The Sea grew kind, and all her frownes abated,
Her face was smooth to all that nauigated.
'Twas sinfull *Ionah* made her storme and rage,
'Twas sinfull *Ionah* did her storme asswage.
With that the Mariners astonish't were, Verse 16.
And fear'd *Iehouah* with a mighty feare,
Offring vp Sacrifice with one accord,
And vowing solemne vowes vnto the Lord.
But God (whose breath can make the heauens shake, Verse 17.
And in an instant, all that force can slake,
Whose Word can make the fixed earth's foundation
Tremble, and with his Word can make cessation,
Whose wrath doth mount the waues, & tosse the Seas,
And make them calme and whist, when e're he please:
This God, (whose mercy runnes on endlesse wheele,
And pulls (like *Iacob*) Iustice by the heele)
Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
Whose belly should be prison-house, and baile,
For retchlesse *Ionah*. As the two-leaf'd dore
Opens, to welcome home the fruitfull store,
Wherewith the harueft quits the Ploughmans hope,
Euen so the great *Leuiathan* set ope
His beame-like iawes, (as glad of such a boone)
And at a morsell, swallow'd *Ionah* downe.
Till Rosy-cheek'd *Aurora's* purple dye
Thrice dappl'd had the ruddy morning skye,
And thrice had spred the Curtaines of the morne,
To let in *Titan*, when the Day was borne,

Ionah was Tenant to this liuing Graue,
Explicit. Hist. Embowel'd deepe in this stupendious Caue.

Meditatio sexta.

LO, Death is now, as alwayes it hath bin,
The iust procured stipend of our sinne:
Sinne is a golden Causie, and a Road
Garnisht with ioyes, whose pathes are euen, and broad,
But leades at length to death, and endlesse griefe,
To torments and to paines, without reliefe.
Iustice feares none, but maketh all afraid,
And then falls hardest, when 'tis most delaid,
But thou reply'st, Thy sinnes are daily great,
Yet thou sitt'st vncontrold vpon thy seat;
Thy wheat doe flourish, and thy barnes doe thriue,
Thy sheepe encrease, thy sonnes are all aliue;
And thou art buxom, and hast nothing scant,
Finding no want of any thing, but want,
Whil'st others, whom the squint-ey'd world counts holy,
Sit sadly drooping in a melancholy,
With brow dejected, and downe-hanging head,
Or take of almes, or poorely begge their bread:
But Young-man, know, there is a Day of doome,
The Feast is good, vntill the reck'ning come.
The time runnes fastest, where is least regard;
The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
There is a dying day, (thou prosp'rous foole)
When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Doole,
Thy roabes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting,
Thy whoops of ioy, to howles of sad lamenting:
Thy tongue shall yell, and yawle, and neuer stop,
And wish a world, to giue for one poore drop,

To flatt er thine intolerable paine;
The wealth of Pluto could not then obtaine
A minutes freedome from that helliſh rout,
Whoſe fire burnes, and neuer goeth out:
Nor houſe, nor land, nor meaſur'd heapes of wealth,
Can render to a dying man, his health.
Our life on earth is like a thrid of flax,
That all may touch, and being touch't, it cracks.
¶ *As when an Archer ſhooteth for his ſport,* Simile.
Sometimes his ſhaft is gone, ſometimes 'tis ſhort,
Sometimes o'th' left hand wide, ſometimes o'th' right,
At laſt (through often tryall) hits the White;
So Death ſometimes with her vncertaine Rouer,
Hits our Superiours (and ſa ſhootes ouer)
Sometimes for change, ſhe ſtrikes the meaner ſort,
Strikes our inferiours (and then comes ſhort)
Sometimes vpon the left hand wide ſhe goes,
And ſo (ſtill wounding ſome) ſhe ſtrikes our foes;
And ſometimes wide vpon the right hand bends,
There with impartiall ſhafts, ſhe ſtrikes our friends;
At length, (through often tryall) hits the White,
And ſo ſtrikes vs into Eternall Night.
¶ *Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,*
Concerning all men, neuer out of Date:
Her dayes Dominicall are writ in blood;
She ſhewes more bad dayes, then ſhe ſheweth good:
She tells when dayes, and months, and termes expire,
And ſhewes aſpects of vnecclipſed fire.
¶ *Death is a Purſiuant, with Eagles wings,*
That knocks at poore mens doores, and gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware; for, lo, Death ſculks behind thee,
And as ſhe leaues thee, ſo will Iudgement finde thee.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

Within the bowels of the Fish,
Ionah *laments in great anguish;*
God heard his pray'r, at whose command,
The Fish disgorg'd him on the Land.

Sect. 7.

Hist. Chap. 2. ver. 1. THEN *Ionah* turn'd his face to heau'n, and pray'd
Within the bowels of the Whale, and said,

Verse 2. The Prayer of Ionas out of the Whales belly. "*I cry'd out of my balefull misery*
"*Vnto my God, and hee hath heard my cry,*
"*From out the paunch of hell I made a noyse,*
"*And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voyce:*

Verse 3. "*Into the Deepes and bottome thou hast throwne me,*
"*Thy Surges, and thy Waues haue past vpon me.*

Verse 4. "*Then Lord (said I) from out thy glorious sight*
"*I am reiected, and forsaken quite,*
"*Nath'lesse while these my wretched eyes remaine,*
"*Vnto thy Temple will I looke againe.*

Verse 5. "*The boyst'rous Waters compasse me about,*
"*My body threats, to let her pris'ner out,*
"*The boundlesse depth enclos'd me, (almost dead)*
"*The weeds were wrapt about my fainting head,*

Verse 6. "*I liu'd on earth reiected at thine hand,*
"*And a perpetuall pris'ner in the Land;*
"*Yet thou wilt cause my life t'ascend at length,*
"*From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my Strength;*

"*When*

"*When as my ſoule was ouer-whelm'd, and faint,* Verſe 7.
"*I had recourſe to thee, did thee acquaint*
"*With the condition of my wofull caſe,*
"*My cry came to thee, in thine holy Place.*
"*Whoſo to Vanities themſelues betake,* Verſe 8.
"*Renounce thy mercies, and thy loue forſake:*
"*To thee I'le ſacrifice in endleſſe dayes,* Verſe 9.
"*With voice of thanks, and euer-ſounding praiſe,*
"*I'le pay my vowes; for all the world records*
"*With one conſent,* Saluation is the Lord.

So God (whoſe Word's a deed, whoſe Breath's a law, Verſe 10.
Whoſe iuſt command implies a dreadfull awe,
Whoſe Word prepar'd a Whale vpon the Deepe,
To tend, and waite for *Iona's* fall, and keepe
His out-caſt body ſafe, and ſoule ſecure)
This very God (whoſe mercy muſt endure
When heau'n, and earth, when ſea, and all things faile)
Diſcloſ'd his purpoſe, and beſpake the Whale,
To redeliuer *Ionah* to his hand;
Whereat the Whale diſgorg'd him on the Land.

Meditatio ſeptima.

Qui timidè orat, docet negare.

I *Well record, a holy Father ſayes,*
"*He teaches to deny, that faintly prayes:*
The ſuite ſurceaſes, when deſire failes;
But whoſo prayes with feruencie, preuailes;
For Pray'rs the key that opes th'eternall gate, Luke 11.9.
And findes admittance, whether early or late,
It forces audience, it vnlocks the eare
Of heauens great God, (though deafe) it makes him heare.
Vpon a time * Babel (*the Worlds faire Queene*
Made drunke with choller, and enrag'd with Spleene)

* *The Commonwealth.*

Through fell Disdaine, derraigned Warre 'gainst them
* The Church. That tender Homage to Ierusalem:
A Mayden fight it was, yet they were strong
As men of Warre; The Battaile lasted long,
Much blood was shed, and spilt on either side,
That all the ground with purple gore was dyde:
In fine, a Souldier of Ierusalem:
* Charitie. * Charissa high, (the Almner of the Realme)
Chill'd with a Feuer, and vnapt to fight,
Into Iustitia's Castle tooke her flight,
Whereat great Babels Queene commanded all,
To lay their siege against the Castle wall;
* Feare. But poore * Tymissa (not with warre acquainted)
Fearing Charissa's death, fell downe, and fainted;
* Wisedome. Dauntlesse * Prudentia rear'd her from the ground,
Where she lay (pale, and senselesse) in a swound,
Shorub'd her temples (lost in swouny shade)
* Faith. And gaue her water, that * Fidissa made,
And said, Cheare vp, (deare Sister) though our foe
Hath tane vs Captiues, thus besieg'd with woe,
We haue a King puissant, and of might,
Will see vs take no wrong, and doe vs right,
If we possesse him with our sad complaint,
Cheare vp, wee'l send to him, and him acquaint.
Tymissa (new awak'd from swound) replies,
Our Castle is begirt with enemies,
And clouds of armed men besiege our walls,
Then suer Death, or worse then death befalls
To her, (who ere shee be) that stirres a foot;
Or dares attempt this place to sally out.
Alas! what hope haue we to finde reliefe,
And want the meanes that may diminish our griefe?

Within

Within that place, a iolly Matron won'd,
With fiery lookes, and drawen sword in hond,
Her eyes, with age, were waxen wonts rowe dim,
With hoary locks, and visage sterne, and grim;
Her name Iustitia *hight; to her they make* * Iustice.
Their moane, who (well aduis'd) them thus bespake:
"Faire Maidens, more beloued then the light,
I rue the suffrance of your wofull plight,
But Pitty's fond alone, recures no griefe,
But fruitlesse falls, vnlesse it yeeld reliefe:
Cheare vp, I haue a Messenger in store,
Whose speed is much, but faithfull trust is more,
Whose nimble wings shall cleaue the flitting skies,
And scorne the terrour of your enemies,
* Oratio *hight, well knowne vnto your King,* * Prayer.
Your message she shall doe, and tydings bring,
Prouided that * Fidissa *trauaile with her,* * Math. 21. 22.
And so (on Christs name *) let them goe together.* * Iohn 15. 16.
With that, Fidissa *hauing ta'ne her errant,*
And good Oratio, *with* Iustitia's *Warrant,*
In silence of the midnight tooke her flight,
Arriuing at the Court that very night;
But they were both as flames of fire hot, *Oratio feruens, velox.*
For they did fly as swift, as Cannon shot,
But they (lest suddaine cold should doe them harme)
Together clung, and kept each other warme: *Oratio & fides comites individui.*
But lo, the Kingly gates were spar'd, and lockt,
They call'd, but none made answer, then they knockt,
Together ioyning both their force in one,
They knockt amaine; Yet answer there was none;
But they that neuer learn'd to take deniall,
With importunitie made further tryall;

The King heard well, although he list not speake,
Till they with strokes the gate did well-nie breake:
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide;
Oratio *moon'd her suit; The King replide,*
Oratio *was a faire, and welcome guest;*
So heard her suit; so granted her request.
Fraile Man, observe, In thee the practice lies,
Let sacred Meditation moralize,
Let Pray'r be feruent, and thy Faith intire,
And God will grant thee more then thy desire.

THE ARGVMENT.

The second time was Ionah *sent*
To Niniuie: *now* Ionah *went:*
Against her crying sinnes he cri'd,
And her destruction propheci'd.

Sect. 8.

Hist. Chap. 3. ver. 1.

ONce more the voice of heau'ns high-Cōmander
(Like horrid claps of heau'ns-diuiding-thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noyse
B'ing heard farre distant off) such was the voyce)
Came downe from heau'n, to *Ionah* new-borne-Man,
To re-baptized *Ionah*, and thus began;
Am I a God? Or art thou ought but Dust?
More then a man? Or are my Lawes vniust?
Am I a God, and shall I not command?
Art thou a man, and dar'st my Lawes withstand?

Shall

Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heauen quake)
By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected;
And thy presumption scape vncorrected?
Thy Faith hath sau'd thee (Ionah:) *Sin no more,*
Lest worse things happen after, then before;
Arise; let all th'assembled pow'rs agree Verse 2.
To doe th' Embassage I impose on thee; *Gods second charge to Ionah.*
Trifle no more, and, to auoyd my sight,
Thinke not to haulke me with a second flight.
Arise, and goe to Niniuie *(the great)*
Where broods of Gentiles haue ia'ne vp their seat,
The Great-Queene-regent-mother of the Land,
That multiplyes in people like the sand;
Away, with wings of time, (I'le not essoyne thee)
Denounce these fiery Iudgements, I enioyne thee.

Like as a yongling that to schoole is sent, *Simile*, verse 3.
(Scarce weaned from his mothers blandishment
Where he was cockerd with a stroking hand)
With stubborne heart, denyes the Iust command
His Tutor will's: But being once corrected,
His home-bred stomack's curb'd, or quite eiected,
His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollified,
And humbly seekes, what stoutly he deny'd;
So *Iona's* stout, peruerse, and stubborne hart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart
Of heau'ns auenging wrath, it strait dissolu'd,
And what it once auoided, now resolu'd
T'affect with speed, and with a carefull hand
Fully replenish'd with his Lords Command,
To *Niniueh* he flyeth like a Roe,
Each step the other striues to ouergoe;

And as an arrow to the marke does fly,
So (bent to flight) flyes he to *Niniuie.*
(Now *Niniuie* a mighty Citie was,
Which all the Cities of the world did passe,
A Citie which o're all the rest aspires,
Like midnight-*Phœbe* 'mong the lesser fyers,
A Citie, which (although to men was giuen)
Better beseem'd the Maiestie of Heauen,
A Citie Great to God, whose ample wall,
Who vndertakes to mete with paces, shall
Bring *Phœbus* thrice a-bed, e're it be dun,
(Although with dawning *Lucifer* begun.)

Verse 4. When *Ionas* had approacht the Citie gate,
He made no stay to rest, ne yet to baite,
No supple oyle, his fainting head anoints,
Stayes not to bathe his weather-beaten ioynts,
Nor smooth'd his countenance, nor slick't his skinne,
Nor craued he the Hostage of an Inne,
To ease his aking bones (with trauell sore)
But went as speedy, as he fled before,
The Cities greatnesse made him not refuse,
To be the trump of that vnwelcome newes
His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noyse)
His mouth flew ope, and out there rusht a voyce.

Iona's *prophecy to the Niniuites.* *When dewy-cheek't* Aurora *shall display*
Her golden locks, and summon vp the Day
Twice twenty times, and rest her drowzy head
Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons *bed,*
Then Nineueh *this place of high renowne,*
Shall be destroy'd, and sackt, and batterd downe.
He sate not downe to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,

Or

Or Gent', or Saluage; nor did he enquier
What place were most conuenient for a Cryer,
Nor like a sweet-lipt Orator did steare,
Or tune his language to the peoples eare,
But bold, and rough (yet full of Maiestie)
Lift vp his trumpet, and began to crie,
When forty times Dan Phœbus shall fulfill
His Iournall course vpon th'Olympian Hill,
Then Niniueh *(the Worlds great wonder) shall*
Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.
The dismall Prophet stands not to admire
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pitie
Th'approching downfall of so braue a Citie,
But dauntlesse he his dreadfull voice extends,
Respectlesse, whom his bolder cry offends,
When forty dayes shall bee expir'd, and run,
And that poore Inch of time drawne out and dun,
Then Niniueh (*the Worlds Imperiall throne*)
Shall not be left a stone, vpon a stone.

Meditatio octaua.

BVt stay; Is God like one of vs? Can hee, *Obiect.*
When he hath said it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth, dispence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Vpon his sacred Iustice? Can his minde
Reuolt at all? or vary like the winde?
How comes it then to passe? How mought it be,
That hauing limited his iust Decree
Vpon the expiring date of forty dayes,
He then performes it not? But still delayes

His plagues denounc't, and Iudgement ſtill forbeares,
And ſtead of forty Dayes giues many yeares:
Yet forty Dayes, and Niniueh ſhall periſh?
Yet forty yeeres, and Niniueh doth flouriſh:
A change in man's infirme; in God 'tis ſtrange;
In God, to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are diuers things: When He repents from ill,
He wills a change; he changes not his Will;
The ſubiect's chang'd, which ſecret he kept cloſe,
But not the mind, that ſo did it diſpoſe;
Denounced Iudgement God doth oft preuent,
But neither changes counſell, nor intent:
Heauen ſeldome threats an abſolute perdition,
But with expreſſe, or an imply'd condition,
So that, if Niniueh returne from ill,
God turnes his hand, he doth not turne his Will.
¶ The ſtint of Niniueh was forty dayes,
To change the Byas of her crooked wayes:
To ſome the time is large; To others ſmall,
To ſome 'tis many yeeres; And not at all
To others; Some an hower haue, and ſome
Haue ſcarce a minute of their time to come:
Thy ſpan of life (Malfido) is thy ſpace,
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.
¶ Lord! what is man, but like a worme that crawl's,
Open to danger, euery foot that falls?
Death creeps (vnheard) and ſteales abroad (vnſeene)
Her darts are ſudden, and her arrowes keene,
Vncertaine when, but certaine ſhe ſhall ſtrike,
Reſpecting King, and Begger both alike;
The ſtroke is deadly, come it ſoone, or late,
Which once being ſtruck, repenting's out of date;

Death

Reſolutio. *Aliud mutare voluntatem; aliud velle mutationem.* Aquin. 1. quæſt. 19. art. 7. *Mutat ſententiam, ſed non mutat conſilium.* lib. 20. mor. c. 29

Tempus vitæ, tempus pœnitentiæ.

Death is a minute, full of ſudden ſorrow:
Then liue to day, as thou maiſt dye to morrow.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Niniuites beleeue the Word;
Their hearts returne vnto their Lord;
In him they put their onely truſt:
They mourne in Sackcloth, and in duſt.

Sect. 9.

SO ſaid; the *Niniuites* beleeu'd the Word, Hiſt. Chap. 3. ver. 5.
Beleeued *Ionas*, and beleeu'd the Lord;
They made no pauſe, nor ieſted at the newes
Nor ſlighted it, becauſe it was a Iew's
Denouncement: No, Nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captiues with ſuch nouelties)
Admire the ſtrangers garb, ſo quaint to theirs,
No idle chat poſſeſt their itching eares,
The whil'ſt he ſpake: nor were their tongues on fier,
To raile vpon, or interrupt the Cryer,
Nor did they queſtion whether true the meſſage,
Or falſe the Prophet were, that brought th'embaſſage:
But they gaue faith to what he ſaid; relented,
And (changing their miſ-wandred wayes) repented;
Before the ſearching Ayre could coole his word,
Their hearts returned, and beleeu'd the Lord;
And they, whoſe dainty lips were cloy'd whileare,
With cates, and vyands, and with wanton cheare,

Doe now enioyne their palats not to taſt
The offall bread, (for they proclaim'd a Faſt)
And they, whoſe looſer bodies once did lye
Wrapt vp in Robes, and Silkes, of princely Dye,
Lo now, in ſtead of Robes, in Rags they mourne,
And all their Silkes doe into Sackcloth turne,
They reade themſelues ſad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
Nor yet the richeſt, nor the pooreſt there;
The old man was not freed, (whoſe hoary age
Had eu'n almoſt outworne his Pilgrimage;)
Nor yet the young, whoſe Glaſſe (but new begun)
By courſe of Nature had an age to run:
Verſe 6. For when that fatall Word came to the King,
(Conuay'd with ſpeed vpon the nimble wing
Of flitting Fame) He ſtrait diſmounts his Throne,
Forſakes his Chaire of State he ſate vpon,
Diſrob'd his body, and his head diſcrown'd,
In duſt and aſhes grou'ling on the ground,
And when he rear'd his trembling corps againe,
(His haire all filthy with the duſt he lay in)
He clad in penſiue Sackcloth, did depoſe
Himſelfe from State Imperiall, and choſe
To liue a Vaſſall, or a baſer thing,
Then to vſurpe the Scepter of a King:
(Reſpectleſſe of his pompe) he quite forgate
He was a Monarch mindleſſe of his State,
He neither ſought to rule, or be obay'd,
Nor with the Sword, nor with the Scepter ſway'd.

Meditatio nona.

¶ IS faſting then the thing that God requires?
Can faſting expiate, or ſlake thoſe fires
That Sinne hath blowne to ſuch a mighty flame?
Can ſackcloth clothe a fault? or hide a ſhame?
Can aſhes clenſe thy blot? or purge thy offence?
Or doe thy hands make heauen a recompence,
By ſtrowing duſt vpon thy bryny face?
Are theſe the tricks to purchaſe heau'nly grace?
No, though thou pine thy ſelfe with willing want;
Or face looke thinne, or Carkas ne'r ſo gaunt,
Although thou worſer weeds then ſackcloth weare,
Or naked goe, or ſleepe in ſhirts of haire,
Or though thou chuſe an aſh-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,
Thy labour is not poyſ'd with equall Gaines,
For thou haſt nought but labour for thy paines:
Such holy madneſſe God reiects, and loathes,
That ſinkes no deeper, than the skinne, or cloathes;
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by art)
Looke red with teares, (not guilty of thy hart)
'Tis not the holding of thy hands ſo hye,
Nor yet the purer ſquinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your Mimmick mouthes, your Antick faces,
Your Scripture phraſes, or affected Graces,
Nor prodigall vp-handing of thine eyes,
Whoſe gaſhfull balls doe ſeeme to pelt the skyes;
'Tis not the ſtrict reforming of your haire
So cloſe, that all the neighbour skull is bare;
'Tis not the drooping of thy head ſo low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy ſullen brow,

Nor woluiſh howling that diſturbs the ayre,
Nor repetitions of your tedious pray'r:
No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
Matth. 6. *Such ſort of fooles their owne applauſe rewards;*
Such Puppit-playes, to heau'n are ſtrange, and quaint,
Their ſeruice is vnſweet, and foully taint,
Their words fall fruitleſſe from their idle braine;
But true Repentance runnes in other ſtraine;
Where ſad contrition harbours, there the heart
Is truely' acquainted with the ſecret ſmart
Of paſt offences, hates that boſome ſin
The moſt, which moſt the ſoule tooke pleaſure in;
No cryme vnſifted, no ſinne vnpreſented
Can lurke vnſeene; and ſeene, none vnlamented;
The troubled ſoule's amaz'd with dire aſpects
Of leſſer ſinnes committed; and detects
The wounded Conſcience; It cryes amaine
For mercy, mercy, cryes, and cryes againe;
It vowes, it ſadly grieues, and ſore laments,
It yernes for grace, Reformes, Returnes, Repents;
I; this is incenſe, whoſe accepted ſauour
Mounts vp the heauenly Throne, and findeth fauour:
I; this is it, whoſe valour neuer failes,
With God it ſtoutly wreſtles, and preuailes:
I; this is it, that pierces heauen aboue,
Neuer returning home (like Noah's *Doue)*
But brings an Oliffe leafe, or ſome encreaſe,
That workes Saluation, and eternall Peace.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prince and people faſts, and prayes;
God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes:
Vpon their timely true repentance,
God reuerſt, and chang'd his ſentence.

Sect. 10.

THen ſuddenly, with holy zeale inflam'd,
He cauſ'd a Generall act, to be proclaim'd,
By ſage aduice, and counſell of his Peeres;
Let neither Man, nor child, of youth, or yeeres,
From greateſt in the Citie to the leaſt,
Nor Herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beaſt,
Nor any thing that draweth ayre, or breath,
On forfeiture of life, or preſent death,
Preſume to taſte of nouriſhment, or food,
Or moue their hungry lips, to chew the cud;
From out their eyes let Springs of water burſt,
With teares (or nothing) let them ſlake their thurſt:
Moreo're, let euery man (what e're he be)
Of high preferment, or of low degree,
D'off all they weare (excepting but the ſame
That nature craues, and that which couers ſhame)
Their nakedneſſe with ſackcloth let them hide,
And mue the veſt'ments of their ſilken pride;
And let the braue cariering Horſe of Warre,
(Whoſe rich Capariſons, and Trappings are

Hiſt. Chap. 3. 7.

The Proclamation of the Niniuites.

Verſe 8.

The glorious Wardrope of a Victors ſhow)
Let him diſrobe, and put on ſackcloth too;
The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Aſſe (for load)
The Horſe (as well for race, as for the road)
The burthen-bearing Cammell (ſtrong and great)
The fruitfull Kine, and eu'ry kind of Neate,
Let all put ſackcloth on, and ſpare no voyce,
But cry aloude to heau'n, with mighty noyſe;
Let all men turne the Byas of their wayes,
And change their fiercer hands, to force of praiſe:
Verſe 9. *For who can tell, if God (whoſe angry face*
Hath long bin wayning from vs) will embrace
This ſlender pittance of our beſt endeuour?
Who knowes, if God will his intent perſeuer?
Or who can tell, if He (whoſe tender loue
Tranſcends his ſharper Iuſtice) will remoue
And change his high Decree, and turne his ſentence,
Vpon a timely, and vnfain'd Repentance?
And who can tell, if Heauen will change the lot,
That we, and ours may liue, and periſh not?

Verſe 10. So God perceiu'd their works, and ſaw their wayes,
Approu'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
Approu'd their works, approu'd their works the rather,
Becauſe their faith, and works went both together:
He ſaw their faith, becauſe their faith abounded;
He ſaw their works, becauſe on faith they grounded;
He ſaw their faith, their works, and ſo relented,
H'approu'd their works, their faith, and ſo repented;
Repented of the plagues, they apprehended;
Repented of the Euill, that he intended:
So God the vengeance of his hand with-drew,
He tooke no forfeiture, although 'twere due;

The Euill, that once he meant, he now forgot,
Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

Meditatio decima.

¶ *Lo, into what an ebbe of low eſtate*
The Soule, that ſeekes to be regenerate,
Muſt firſt deſcend; Before the Ball rebound,
It muſt be throwne with force againſt the ground;
The Seed encreaſes not in fruitfull eares,
Nor can ſhe reare the goodly ſtalke ſhe beares,
Vnleſſe beſtrow'd vpon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious, by a ſecond birth:
So fares with Man; Before he can bring forth
The braue exploits of truly noble Worth,
Or hope the granting of his ſinnes remiſſion,
He muſt be humbl'd firſt in ſad contrition;
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Sunnes reflect,
Or lacke the dew of ſeaſonable ſhowres,
Decayes, and beareth neither Fruit, nor Flowres;
So wretched Man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sun-ſhine of a liuely Faith,
Or not bedew'd with ſhow'rs of timely teares,
Or workes of mercy (wherein Faith appeares)
His pray'rs, and deeds, and all his forced grones,
Are like the howles of Dogs, and works of Drones:
The wiſe Chirurgeon, firſt (by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient, ere he does him good;
Before the Soule can a true comfort finde,
The Body muſt be proſtrate, and the Minde
Truely repentiue, and contrite within,
And loath the fawning of a boſome Sin.

But

But Lord! Can MAN *deſerue? Or can his Beſt*
Doe iuſtice equall right, which he tranſgreſt?
When Duſt and Aſhes mortally offends,
Can Duſt and Aſhes make eternall mends?
Is Heau'n vniuſt? Muſt not the Recompence
Be full Equiualent to the Offence?
What mends by mortall Man can then be giu'n
To the offended Maieſtie of heau'n?
O Mercy! Mercy! on thee my Soule relyes,
On thee we build our Faith, we bend our eyes;
Thou fill'ſt my empty ſtraine, thou fil'ſt my tongue;
Thou art the ſubiect of my Swan-like ſong;
Like pinion'd priſ'ners at the dying Tree,
Our lingring hopes attend, and wayte on thee;
(Arraign'd at Iuſtice barre) preuent our doome;
To thee with ioyfull hearts we cheerely come;
Thou art our Clergie; Thou that deareſt Booke,
Wherein our fainting eyes deſire to looke;
In thee, we truſt to reade (what will releaſe vs)
In bloody Characters, that name of IESVS.
¶ *What ſhall we then returne the God of Heau'n?*
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be giu'n;
Our ſoules, our bodies, ſtrength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas!) were all too little, were they ours:
Or ſhall we burne (vntill our life expires)
An endleſſe Sacrifice in Holy fires?
¶ *My Sacrifice ſhall be my* HEART *entire,*
My Chriſt the Altar, and my Zeale the Fire.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prophet diſcontented prayes
To God, that he would end his dayes;
God blames his wrath ſo vnrepreſt,
Reproues his vnaduis'd Requeſt.

Sect. II.

BVt this diſpleaſing was in *Iona's* eyes, *Hiſt.* Chap. 4. 1
His heart grew hot, his blood began to riſe,
His eyes did ſparkle, and his teeth ſtruck fire,
His veines did boyle, his heart was full of yre;
At laſt brake foorth into a ſtrange requeſt,
Theſe words he pray'd, and mumbl'd out the reſt:
Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord) Verſe 2. Ionas *Speech to God.*
Before I fled? Nay, was not this my word,
The very word, that theſe my lips had ſhaped,
When this mis-hap mought well haue bin eſcaped?
Was there, O was there not a iuſt ſuſpect,
My preaching would procure this effect?
For lo; I knew of old, thy tender loue;
I knew the pow'r, thou gau'ſt my Tongue, would moue
Their Adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw
Their frozen ſpirits, and breed relenting awe;
I knew (great God) vpon their true repentance,
That thou determin'dſt to reuerſe thy ſentence;
For lo, I knew, thou wert a gracious God,
Of long forbearance, ſlow to vſe the Rod;

I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent,
The ſtrength of all thy other workes out-went;
I knew thy tender kindneſſe; and how loth
Thou wert to puniſh, and how ſlow to wrath;
Turning thy Iudgements, and thy plagues preuenting,
Thy mind reuerſing, and of Euil repenting:
Therefore (O therefore) vpon this perſwaſion,
I fled to Tarſhiſh, *there to make euaſion,*
To ſaue thy credit (Lord) *to ſaue mine owne:*
For when this blaſt of zeale is ouer-blowne,
And ſackcloth left, and they ſurceaſe to mourne,
When they (like dogs) ſhall to their vomit turne,
They'l vilipend thy Sacred Word, and ſcoffe it,
Saying, Was that a God, or this a Prophet?
They'l ſcorne thy Iudgements, and thy threats deſpiſe,
And call thy Prophets, Meſſengers of lyes.

Verſe 3. *Now therefore* (Lord) *bow downe attentiue eare,*
(For ah my burthen's more then fleſh can beare)
Make ſpeed (O Lord) *and baniſh all delayes,*
T'extinguiſh (now) *the tapour of my dayes:*
Let not the minutes of my time extend,
But let my wretched howers find an end;
Let not my fainting ſprite thus long aby
In her fraile manſion of mortalitie:
The thrid's but weake, my life depends vpon,
O, cut that thrid, and let my life be done;
My breſt ſtands faire, ſtrike then, and ſtrike againe,
For nought but dying, can aſſwage my paine:
O may I rather dye, then liue in ſhame;
Better it is to leaue, and yeeld the game,
Then toyle for what at length muſt needs be loſt;
O, kill me, for my heart is ſore imboſt:

Thus

This latter boone vnto thy ſeruant giue;
For better 'tis for me, to dye then liue.
So wretched *Ionah*; But *Iehouah* thus;
What boot's it ſo to ſtorme out-ragious? Verſe 4.
Becomes it thus my ſeruants heart to ſwell:
Can anger helpe thee, Ionah? *Doeſt thou well?*

Meditatio vndecima.

¶ *How poore a thing is man! How vaine's his mind!*
How ſtrange, how baſe! And wau'ring like the wind!
How vncouth are his wayes! How full of danger!
How to himſelfe, is he himſelfe a ſtranger!
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vaine,
His actions ſinfull, and his words prophane,
His wills deprau'd, his ſenſes are beguil'd,
His reaſon's darke, his members all defil'd,
His haſtie feet are ſwift, and prone to ill,
His guilty hands are euer bent to kill,
His tongue's a ſponge of venome, (or of worſe)
Her practice is to ſweare, her skill to curſe;
His eyes, are fierballs of luſtfull fire,
And outward ſpyes, to inward foule deſire,
His body is a well-erected ſtation,
But full of filth, and foule corrupted paſſion:
Fond loue, and raging luſt, and fooliſh feares,
Exceſſiue ioy, and griefe o'rwhelm'd with teares
Immoderate; prodigious deſier,
And ſinfull anger, red, and hot as fier;
Theſe dayly clog the ſoule, that's faſt in priſon,
From whoſe encreaſe, this luckleſſe brood is riſen,
Reſpectleſſe Pride, and luſtfull Idleneſſe,
Foule ribbauld talke, and lothſome Drunkenneſſe,

Virgil. Æneid. 8.
Hinc metuunt, cupiunt, dolent, gaudentq́; nec auras
Reſpiciunt, clauſæ tenebris, & carcere cæco.

Fruitlesse Despayre, and vaine Curiositie,
Both false, yet double-tongu'd Hypocrisie,
Base flatterie, and haughty-ey'd Ambition,
Heart-gnawing Hatred, and squint-ey'd Suspition,
Selfe-eating Enuie, Enuious Detraction,
Hopelesse Distrust, and too-too sad Deiection,
Reuengefull Malice, Hellish Blasphemie,
Idolatrie, and light Inconstancie;
Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,
Damned Apostacie, fond Superstition.
¶ *What heedfull watch? Ah what contin'all ward?*
How great respect? and howerly regard,
Stands man in hand to haue, when such a brood
Of furious hell-hounds seeke to suck his blood?
Day, night, and howre, they rebell, and wrastle,
And neuer cease, till they subdue the Castle.
¶ *How slight a thing is man? How fraile and brittle?*
How seeming great is he? How truely little?
Within the bosome of his holiest works,
Some hidden Embers of old Adam *lurks,*
Which oftentimes in men of purest wayes,
Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.
¶ *Lord, teach our hearts, and giue our soules directions,*
Subdue our Passions, curb our stout Affections,
Nip thou the bud, before the Bloome begins;
Lord, shield thy seruants from presumptuous sins.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Booth for shelter Ionah *made;*
God sent a Gourd for better shade;
But by the next approching light,
God sent a Worme consum'd it quite.

Sect. 12.

SO *Ionah* (sore oppresst, and heauy-hearted) Hist.
From out the Cities circuit straight departed, Chap. 4. Ver. 5.
Departed to the Easterne borders of it,
Where sicke with anguish sate this sullen Prophet;
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,
(Vntill some few dayes had expir'd their date
With ouer-tedious pace) where he might see,
What would betide to threatned *Ninineh*;
A trunk that wanteth sap, is soone decay'd;
The slender Booth of boughs and branches made,
Soone yeelding to the fire of *Phœbus* Ray,
Consum'd to dust, and early dry'd away:
Whereat, the great *Iehoua* spake the Word,
And ouer *Iona's* head there sprang a Gourd, Verse 6.
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gaue it nourishment, as well as birth;
God raised vp a Gourd, a Gourd should last,
Let wind, or scorching Sunne, or blow, or blast!
As coales of fier rak'd in Embers lye Simile.
Obscure, and vndiscerned by the eye;

But being ſtird, regaine a glimm'ring light,
Reuiue, and glow, burning a-freſh and bright;
So *Ionah* 'gan to cheere through this reliefe,
And ioyfull was, deuoyded all his griefe,
He ioy'd to ſee that God had not forgot
His drooping ſeruant, nor forſooke him not;
He ioy'd, in hope the Gourds ſtrange wonder will
Perſwade the people, he's a Prophet ſtill;
The freſh aſpect did much refreſh his ſight,
The herball ſauour gaue his ſenſe delight;
Thus *Ionah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enioy'd the pleaſures, that it did affoord:

Verſe 7. But Lord! what earthly thing can long remaine?
How momentary are they! and how vaine!
How vaine is earth, that man's delighted in it?
Her pleaſures riſe, and vaniſh in a minnit:
How fleeting are the ioyes, we find below,
Whoſe tides (vncertaine) alwayes ebbe, and flow!
For ſee! this Gourd (that was ſo faire, and ſound)
Is quite conſum'd, and eaten to the ground;
No ſooner *Titan* had vp-heau'd his head,
From off the pillow of his Saffron bed,
But heau'n prepar'd a ſilly, ſilly worme,
(Perchance brought thither, by an Eaſterne ſtorme)
The worme that muſt obey, and well knew how,
Conſum'd the Gourd, nor left it root, nor bow;
Conſum'd it ſtraight within a minut's ſpace,
Left nought, but (ſleeping) *Ionas* in the place.

Meditatio duodecima.

¶ THe pleasures of the world, (which soone abate)
Are liuely Emblems of our owne estate,
Which (like a Banquet at a Fun'rall show)
But sweeten griefe, and serue to flatter woe.
¶ Pleasure is fleeting still, and makes no stay, Voluptas.
It lends a smile or twaine, and steales away:
¶ Man's life is fickle, full of winged haste, Vita.
It mocks the sense with ioy, and soone does waste.
¶ Pleasure does crowne thy youth, and lulls thy wants, Voluptas.
But (sullen age approching) straight auaunts:
¶ Man's life is Ioy, and Sorrow seekes to banish, Vita.
It doth lament, and mourne in age, and vanish.
¶ The time of pleasure's like the life of Man;
Both ioyfull, both contained in a span;
Both highly priz'd, and both on sudden lost,
When most we trust them, they deceiue vs most;
What fit of madnesse makes vs loue them thus?
We leaue our liues, and pleasure leaueth vs:
Why what are Pleasures? But a golden dreame, Voluptas, quale.
Which (waking) makes our wants the more extreme?
And what is Life? A bubble full of eare, Vita, quale.
Which (prickt by death) straight empties into ayre:
The flowers (clad in farre more rich array,
Then e're was Salomon) doe soone decay;
What thing more sweet, or fairer then a flowre?
Nath'les, it blooms, and fades within an howre;
What greater pleasure then a morning Sun?
And yet this pleasure euery day is dun:
But thou art heire to Crœsus, and thy treasure
Being great, and endlesse, endlesse is thy pleasure;

But

But thou (thou Croeſus heire) conſider muſt,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to duſt;
Another's noble, and his name is great,
And takes his place vpon a lofty ſeat;
True'tis, but yet his many wants are ſuch,
That better 'twere he were not knowne ſo much.
Another binds his ſoule in Hymens knot,
His Spouſe is chaſte, vnblemiſht with a ſpot,
But yet his comfort is bedaſht, and done,
His grounds are ſtock't, and now he wants a ſonne.
¶ How fickle, and vnconſtant's mans Eſtate!
Man faine would haue, but then he knowes not what;
And hauing rightly knowes not how to prize it,
But like that fooliſh Dunghill-cock imploy's it:
But who deſires to liue a life content,
Wherein his Cruze of ioy ſhall ne'r be ſpent,
With fierce purſuit, let him that good deſire,
Whoſe date no change, no Fortune can expire:
For that's not worth the crauing, to obtaine
A happineſſe, that muſt be loſt againe;
Nor that, which moſt doe couet moſt, is beſt;
Beſt are the goods, mixt with contented reſt;
Gaſp not for * Honour, wiſh no blazing glory,
For theſe will periſh in an ages ſtory;
Nor yet for pow'r, power may be caru'd
To fooles, as well as thee, that haſt deſeru'd.
Thirſt not for Lands, nor Mony; wiſh for none,
For * Wealth is neither laſting, nor our owne:
Riches are faire inticements, to deceiue vs;
They flatter, while we liue, and dying, leaue vs.

Boetius Philoſ. conſol.

* Folia vanitatis.

Folia terræ.

THE ARGVMENT.

Ionah deſires to dye, The Lord
Rebukes him, he maintaines his word,
His anger he doth iuſtifie,
God pleads the Cauſe for Niniuie.

Sect. 13.

WHen ruddy *Phœbus* had (with morning light) *Hiſt. Chap. 4. 8.*
Subdu'd the Eaſt, and put the ſtars to flight,
Heau'ns hand prepar'd a feruēt eaſtern wind,
Whoſe drought together with the Sunne combin'd,
Each adding fire to the others heat,
(With ſtrong vnited force) did fiercely beat,
And ſore reflect vpon the helpleſſe head
Of fainting *Ionah* (that was well-nye dead)
Who turning oft, and toſſing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments vſe to doe)
And (reſtleſſe) finding no ſucceſſe of eaſe,
But rather, that his tortures ſtill encreaſe;
His ſecret paſſion to his ſoule betrai'd,
Crauing no ſweeter boone then death, and ſaid,
O kill me (Lord) or lo, my heart will riue;
For better 'tis for me to dye then liue.
So ſaid, the Lord did interrupt his paſſion, Verſe 9.
Saying, *How now? is this a ſeemely faſhion?* *Gods ſpeech to Ionah.*
Doth it become my ſeruants heart to ſwell?
Can anger helpe thee? Ionah, *do'ſt thou well?*

Is this a fit ſpeech? or a well-plac'd word?
What, art thou angry (Ionah) *for a Gourd?*
What, if th' Arabians with their ruder traine
Iob 1. *Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattell ſlaine?*
What, if conſuming fire (falne from heauen)
Had all thy ſeruants of their liues bereauen,
And burnt thy Sheep? What, if by ſtrong oppreßion
The Chaldees had vſurpt vniuſt poſſeßion
Vpon thy Camels? Or had Boreas *blowne*
His full-mouth'd blaſt, and caſt thy houſes downe,
And ſlaine thy ſonnes, amid their iollities?
1. King. 21. 15. *Or hadſt thou loſt thy Vineyard full of trees?*
2. Sam. 12. 3. *Hadſt thou bin rauiſht of thine onely Sheepe,*
That in thy tender boſome vſ'd to ſleepe?
How would thine haſtie ſpirit then bin ſtur'd,
If thou art angry, Ionah, *for a Gourd?*
Ionahs *anſwer.* *To which thus* Ionah *vents his idle breath,*
Lord, I doe well to vex vnto the death;
I bluſh not to acknowledge, and profeſſe
Deſerued rage, I'm angry, I confeſſe;
'Twould make a ſpirit that is thorow frozen,
To blaze like flaming Pitch, and frie like Rozen:
Why do'ſt thou aske that thing, that thou canſt tell?
Thou know'ſt I'm angry, and it beſeemes me well.
Verſe 10. So ſaid, the Lord to *Ionah* thus reſpake;
Gods reply. *Doſt thou bemoane, and ſuch compaßion take*
Vpon a Gourd, whoſe ſeede thou didſt not ſow,
Nor mou'd thy buſie hands to make it grow,
Whoſe beauty, ſmall; and profit was but ſlight,
Which ſprang, as alſo periſht in a night?
Hadſt thou (O duſt, and aſhes) *ſuch a care,*
Such in-bred pitie, 'a trifling plant to ſpare?

Hadſt thou, (O hard and incompaſſionate,
To wiſh the razing of ſo braue a State)
Hadſt thou (I ſay) compaſſion, to bewayle
The extirpation of a Gourd ſo fraile?
And ſhall not I (that am the Lord of Lords) Verſe 11.
Whoſe fountaine's neuer dry, but ſtill affords
Sweet ſtreames of mercy, with a freſh ſupply,
To thoſe that thirſt for grace: What ſhall not I,
(That am the God of mercy, and haue ſworne
To pardon ſinners, when ſoe're they turne?
(I ſay) ſhall I diſclaime my wonted pitie,
And bring to ruine ſuch a goodly Citie,
Whoſe hearts (ſo truely penitent) implore me,
Who day & night powre foorth their ſoules before me?
Shall I deſtroy the mightie Niniuie,
Whoſe people are like ſands about the ſea?
'Mong which are ſixe-ſcore thouſand babes (at leaſt)
That hang vpon their tender mothers breſt?
Whoſe pretty ſmiles could neuer yet deſcry
The deare affection of their mothers eye?
Shall I ſubuert, and bring to deſolation
A Citie, (nay, more aptly tearm'd a Nation)
Whoſe walls boaſt leſſe their beauty then their might?
Whoſe hearts are ſorrowfull, and ſoules contrite?
Whoſe infants are in number, ſo amounting?
And beaſts, and cattell, endleſſe, without counting?
What, Ionah, *ſhall a Gourd ſo moue thy pitie?*
And ſhall not I ſpare ſuch a goodly Citie? Explicit Hiſt.

Meditatio vltima.

¶ MY heart is full, my vent is too too straight;
My tongue's too trusty to my poore conceit;
My mind's in labour, and find's no redresse;
My heart conceiues, My lips cannot expresse;
My organs suffer, through a maine Defect;
Alas! I want a proper Dialect,
To blazon forth the tythe of what I muse;
The more I meditate, the more accrewes;
But lo, my faultring tongue must say no more,
Vnlesse she step where she hath trod before.
What? shall I then be silent? No, I'le speake,
(Till tongue be tyred, and my lungs be weake)
Of deerest mercy, in as sweet a straine,
As it shall please my Muse to lend a vaine;
And when my voice shall stop within her sourse,
And speech shall faulter in this high discourse,
My tyred tongue (vnsham'd) shall thus extend,
Onely to name, Deare mercy, and so end.
¶ Oh high Imperiall King, heauens Architect!
Is man a thing, befitting thy respect?
Lord, thou art wisdome, and thy wayes are holy,
But man's polluted, full of filth, and folly,
Yet is he (Lord) the fabricke of thy hand,
And in his soule he beares thy glorious brand,
How-e're defaced with the rust of sin,
Which hath abus'd thy stamp, and eaten in;
'Tis not the frailtie of mans corrupted nature,
Makes thee asham'd, t'acknowledge man, thy creature;
But like a tender father, here on earth,
(Whose child by nature, or abortiue birth,

Doth

Doth want that ſweet and fauourable relliſh,
Wherewith, her creatures, Nature doth imbelliſh)
Reſpects him ne'rtheleſſe; euen ſo thy Grace
(Great God) extends to man; Though ſinne deface
The glorious portraiture that man did beare,
Whereby he loath'd, and vgly doth appeare,
Yet thou (within whoſe tender bowels are
Deep gulfs of mercy, ſweet beyond compare)
Regardſt, and lou'ſt (with reu'rence be it ſaid)
Nay ſeem'ſt to dote on man; when he hath ſtrayd,
Lord, thou haſt brought him to his fold againe;
When he was loſt, thou didſt not then diſdaine
To thinke vpon a vagabond, and giue
Thy deareſt Sonne to dye, that he might liue.
How poore a mite art thou content withall,
That man may ſcape his downe-approching fall?
Though baſe we are, yet didſt not thou abhorre vs,
But (as our Story notes) art pleading for vs,
To ſaue vs harmleſſe from our foemans iawes;
Art thou turn'd Oratour, to plead our cauſe?
¶ How are thy mercies full of admiration!
How ſoueraigne! How ſweet's their application!
Fatning the ſoule with ſweetneſſe, and repayring
The rotten ruines of a ſoule Deſpairing.
¶ Loe here (Malfido) is the feaſt prepar'd;
Fall too with courage, and let nought be ſpar'd;
Taſte freely of it, Here's no Miſers feaſt;
Eate what thou can'ſt, and pocket vp the reſt:
Theſe precious vyands are Reſtoritie,
Eate then; and if the ſweetneſſe make thee drie,
Drinke large Carouſes out of Mercies cup,
The beſt lies in the bottome, Drinke all vp:

Theſe cates are ſweet Ambroſia to thy ſoule,
And that, which fils the brimme of Mercies boule,
Is dainty Nectar; Eate, and drinke thy fill;
Spare not the one, nor yet the other ſpill;
Prouide in time: Thy Banquet's now begun,
Lay vp in ſtore, againſt the feaſt be done:
For lo, the time of banquetting is ſhort,
And once being done, the world cannot reſtor't;
It is a feaſt of Mercy, and of Grace;
It is a feaſt for all, or hye, or baſe:
A feaſt for him that begs vpon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter ſway;
A feaſt for him that howerly bemoanes
His deareſt ſinnes, with ſighs, and teares, and groanes;
A feaſt for him, whoſe gentle heart reformes;
A feaſt for MEN; *and ſo a* FEAST FOR WORMES.

¶ Deare liefeſt Lord, that feaſt'ſt the world with grace,
Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face:
Bid ioyfull welcome to thy hungry gheſt,
That we may praiſe the Maſter of the Feaſt;
And in thy mercy grant this boone to mee,
That I may dye to ſinne, and liue to thee.

FINIS.

S. AMBROSE.
Miſericordia eſt plenitudo omnium virtutum.

THE

THE GENERALL VSE OF this Hiſtory.

¶ *VVHen as the ancient world did all imbarke*
Within the compaſſe of good Noahs *Arke,*
Into the new-waſht world a Doue was ſent,
Who in her mouth return'd an Oliſſe plant,
Which in a ſilent language this related,
How that the waters were at length abated:
Thoſe ſwelling waters, is the wrath of God,
And like the Doue, are Prophets ſent abroad;
The Oliſſe leafe's a ioyfull type of peace,
Whereby we note, Gods vengeance doth decreaſe;
They ſalue the wounded heart, and make it whole,
They bring glad tidings to the drooping ſoule,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirſt for Grace,
Mercy to thoſe that Mercy will embrace.
¶ Malfido, *thou, in whoſe diſtruſtfull breſt*
Deſpaire hath brought in ſticks to build her neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lodge her luckleſſe brood,
To feed vpon thy heart, and ſuck thy blood,
Beware betimes, leſt cuſtome and permiſſion
Preſcribe a Right, and ſo ſhe claime poſſeſſion.
¶ *Deſpairing man, whoſe burthen makes thee ſtoop*
Vnder the terrour of thy ſinnes, and droop
Through dull deſpaire, whoſe too-too ſullen griefe
Makes Heauen vnable to apply reliefe.
Whoſe eares are dull'd with noyſe of whips and chaines,
And yells of damned ſoules, through tort'red paines,

Come

Come here, and rouze thy ſelfe; vnſeele thoſe eyes,
Which ſad Deſpaire cloz'd vp; Ariſe, Ariſe,
And goe to Niniuie, the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder, and behold, the ballace,
And burthen of her hulk, is nought but ſin,
Which (wilfull) ſhe commits, and wallowes in;
Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying ſinnes, her vile abominations;
Behold the guiltleſſe blood that ſhe did ſpill,
Like Spring-tides in the ſtreets, and reeking ſtill:
Behold her ſcorching luſts, and taint deſier
Like Sulph'rous Ætna blaze, and blaze vp hier;
She rapes, and rends, and theeues, and there is none
Can iuſtly call the thing he hath, his owne;
That ſacred Name of God, that Name of wonder,
Inſtead of worſhipping, ſhe teares in ſunder;
She's not enthrall'd to this ſinne, or another,
But like a Leper's all infected ouer;
Not onely ſinfull, but in ſinnes ſubiection,
She's not infected, but a meere infection.
No ſooner had the Prophet (Heau'ns great Spy)
Begun an onſet to his louder Cry,
But ſhe repented, ſigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious haire, and garments that ſhe wore,
She ſate in aſhes, and with ſackcloth clad her,
All drencht in brine, that griefe cannot be ſadder;
She calls a Faſt, proclaimes a prohibition
To man, and beaſt; (ſad tokens of contrition)
No ſooner prayd, but heard; No ſooner groan'd,
But pitied; No ſooner grieu'd, but moan'd;
Timely Repentance ſpeedy grace procur'd,
The ſore that's ta'ne in time, is quickly cur'd:

No ſooner did her trickling teares or'flow
Her blubber'd cheekes, (ſlie meſſengers of woe)
But ſtraitwayes heau'n wip't her ſuffuſed eyes,
And gently ſtrok'd her cheeks, and bid her riſe;
No faults were ſeene, as if no fault had bin,
Deare Mercy made a Quittance for her ſin.
¶ Malfido, *rouze thy leaden ſpirit, Beſtir thee;*
Hold vp thy drowzie head, Here's comfort for thee;
What if thy Zeale be frozen hard? What then?
Thy Sauiours Blood will thaw that froſt agen:
Thy prayr's that ſhould be feruent, hot as fier,
Proceed but coldly from a dull Deſier;
What then? Grieue Inly, But doe not diſmay,
Who hear's thy pray'rs will giue thee ſtrength to pray:
Though left awhile, thou art not quite giu'n o're,
Where Sinne abounds, there Grace aboundeth more:
This, this is all the good that I can doe thee,
To eaſe thy griefe, I here commend vnto thee
A little Booke, but a great Myſterie,
A great delight, A little Hiſtory;
A little branch ſlipt from a ſauing tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great mought bee;
A ſmall abridgement of thy Lords great loue;
A meſſage ſent from heauen by a Doue:
It is a heauenly Lecture, that relates
To Princes, Paſtors, People, all Eſtates
Their ſeu'rall duties.
¶ *Peruſe it well, and binde it to thy breſt,*
There reſts the Cauſe of thy defect of reſt:
But reade it often, or elſe reade it not:
Once read, is not obſerv'd, and ſoone forgot,
Nor is't enough to reade, but vnderſtand,

Or elſe thy tongue, for want of wit, 's prophan'd,
Nor is't enough to purchaſe knowledge by it;
Saluo heales no ſore, vnleſſe the party apply it:
Apply it then; which if thy fleſh reſtraines,
Striue what thou canſt, and pray for what remaines.

Fac quod potes, & quod non potes, pete.

The particular application.

¶ THen thou, that art oppreſt with ſad Deſpaire,
Here ſhalt thou ſee the ſtrong effect of Prayre:
Then pray with faith, and (feruent) without ceaſing
(Like *Iacob*) wreſtle, till thou get a bleſſing.

Ionah, chap. 2. & chap. 3. 10. *Application.*

¶ Here ſhalt thou ſee the type of Chriſt, thy Sauiour;
Then let thy Suits be through his name, and fauour.

Chap. 1. 17. *Application.*

¶ Here ſhalt thou finde repentance and true griefe
Of ſinners like thy ſelfe, and their beliefe;
Then ſuit thy griefe to theirs, and let thy ſoule
Cry mightily, vntill her wounds be whole.

Chap. 3. 5. *Application.*

¶ Here ſhalt thou ſee the meekneſſe of thy God,
Who on Repentance turnes, and burnes the Rod;
Repents, of what he meant, and ſeemeth ſorry;
Here may yee then behold him pleading for ye
Then thus ſhall be thy meed, if thou repent,
In ſtead of plagues and direfull puniſhment,
Thou ſhalt finde mercy, loue, and heauens applauſe,
And God of heauen (himſelfe) will plead thy cauſe.

Chap. 3. 10. Chap. 4. *Application.*

¶ Here haſt thou then compil'd within this Treaſure,
First, the Almighties high, and iuſt diſpleaſure
Againſt foule ſinne, or ſuch as ſinfull bee,
Or Prince, or poore, or high, or low degree.

Chap. 1. 2.

¶ Here is deſcri'd the beaten Road to Faith:

Chap. 3. 4.

¶ Here mayſt thou ſee the force that Preaching hath:

Chap. 3. 5.

Here

¶ Here is deſcrib'd in (briefe but) full expreſſion, Chap.3.6.
The nature of a Conuert, and his paſſion:
His ſober Diet, which is thin, and ſpare,
His cloathing, which is Sackcloth; and his Prayre
Not faintly ſent to heauen, nor ſparingly,
But piercing, feruent, and a mighty cry:
¶ Here maiſt thou ſee, how Pray'r, & true Repentance Chap.3.10.
Doe ſtriue with God, preuaile, and turne his ſentence,
From ſtrokes to ſtroking, and from plagues infernall,
To boundleſſe Mercies, and to life Eternall.
¶ Till *Zepher* lend my Barke a ſecond Gale,
I ſlip mine Anchor, and I ſtrike my ſaile.

FINIS.

O dulcis ſaluator Mundi! vltima verba que tu dixiſti in Cruce, ſint vltima mea verba in Luce; & quando amplius effare non poſſum, exaudi tu cordis mei deſiderium.

A Hymne to God.

WHo giues me then an Adamantine Quill?
A Marble tablet? And a Dauids skill?
To blazon forth the praiſe of my deare Lord
In deepe grau'n Characters, aye vpon Record
To laſt, for times eternall proceſſe, ſuer,
So long, as Sunne, and Moone, and Stars enduer:
Had I as many mouthes, as Sands there are,
Had I a nimble tongue for euery Starre,
And euery word I ſpeake, a Characture,
And euery minutes time ten ages were,
To chaunt forth all thy praiſe it no'te auaile,
For tongues, and words, and time, and all would faile:
Much leſſe can I poore Weakling tune my tongue,
To take a taske befits an Angels ſong;
Sing what thou canſt, when thou canſt ſing no more,
Weep then as faſt that thou canſt ſing no more,
Beblurre thy booke with teares, and goe thy wayes,
For euery blurre will proue a booke of praiſe.
Thine Eye that viewes the mouing Spheares aboue,
Let it giue praiſe to him that makes them moue:
Thou riches haſt; Thy Hands that hold, and haue them,
Let them giue praiſe to him, that freely gaue them:
Thine Armes defend thee, then for recompence,
Let them praiſe him, that gaue thee ſuch defence:
Thy Tongue was giuen to praiſe thy Lord, the Giuer,
Then let thy Tongue praiſe higheſt God for euer:
Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will ſaue thee;
Then let thine Eares praiſe him, that hearing gaue thee:
Thy heart is begg'd by him whoſe hands did make it,
My ſonne, giue me thy heart; Lord, freely take it:
Eyes, hands, and armes, tongues, eares, and hearts of men,
Sing praiſe, and let the people ſay, Amen.

¶ Tune

A Hymne to God.

¶ *Tune you your Inſtruments, and let them vary,* Pſal. 150.
Praiſe him vpon them in his Sanctuary,
Praiſe him within the higheſt Firmament,
Which ſhewes his power and his gouernment,
Praiſe him, for all his mighty Acts are knowne,
And ſuit thy praiſes to his high Renowne,
Praiſe him with Trump victorious, ſhrill, and ſharp,
With Pſaltry lowd, and many-ſtringed Harp,
With ſounding Tymbrell, and the warbling Flute,
With (Muſicks full Interpreter) the Lute,
Praiſe him vpon the Maiden Virginalls,
Vpon the clerick Organs, and Cymballs,
Vpon the ſweet maieſtick Vyalls touch,
Double your ioyes, and let your praiſe be ſuch;
Let all, in whom is life and breath, giue praiſe
To heauens Eternall God, in endleſſe dayes;
Let euery Soule, to whom a voice is giuen,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of heauen;
For loe, a Lambe is found, that vndertooke
To breake the ſeuen-fold-ſeale, and ope the Booke:
¶ *O let my life add number to my dayes,*
To ſhew thy Glory, and to ſing thy praiſe;
Let euery minute in thy praiſe be ſpent,
Let euery head be bare, and knee be bent
To thee (deare Lambe;) Who-ere thy praiſes hide,
O let his lips be cloſ'd, and tongue for euer ty'de.

Hallelujah:
Gloria Deo in excelſis.

Eleuen Pious Meditations.

1.

¶ *WIthin the holy Writ I will discouer*
Three speciall Attributes of God; His Power,
His Iustice, *and his* Mercy, *All vncreated,*
Eternall all, and all Vnseparated
From Gods pure Essence, yet from thence proceeding
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:
And from that selfe-same Text three names I gather
Of Great Iehoua; Lord, *and* God, *and* Father;
The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Maiestie, Dominion;
The next descries him on his Kingly Bench,
Rewarding Euill with dreadfull punishments;
The third describes him on his Mercy-seate,
Full great in Grace, and in his Mercy great;
¶ *All three I worship, and before all three*
My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knee;
But in my priuate choice, I fancy rather,
Then call him Lord, *or* God, *to call him* Father.

¶ *In*

¶ *In Hell no* Life, *in Heauen no* Death *there is,*
In Earth both Life, *and* Death, *both Bale, and Bli*
In Heauen's all Life, *no end, nor new ſupplying;*
In Hell's all Death, *and yet there is no dying;*
Earth (like a partiall Ambidexter) doth
Prepare for Death, *or* Life, *prepares for Both;*
Who liues to ſinne, in Hell his portion's giuen,
Who dyes to ſinne, ſhall after liue in Heauen.
¶ *Though Earth my* Nurſe *be, Heauen, be thou my* Father
Ten thouſand deaths let me enduer rather
Within my Nurſes *armes, then One to* Thee;
Earths honour, with thy frownes, is death to mee:
I liue on Earth, as on a Stage *of ſorrow;*
Lord, if thou pleaſeſt, end the Play *to morrow:*
I liue on Earth, as in a Dreame of pleaſure,
Awake me when thou wilt; I wait thy leiſure:
I liue on Earth, but as of life bereauen,
My life's with thee, for (*Lord*) thou art in Heauen.

¶ *Nothing*

¶ *Nothing that e're was made, was made for nothing:*
Beasts *for thy food, their* skins *were for thy clothing,*
Flowr's *for thy smell, and* Herbs *for Cuer good,*
Trees *for thy shade, Their* Fruit *for pleasing Food:*
The showers *fall vpon the fruitfull ground,*
Whose kindly Dew *makes tender* Grasse *abound,*
The Grasse *springs forth for* Beasts *to feed vpon,*
And beasts *are food for* Man: *But* Man *alone*
Is made to serue his Lord *in all his wayes,*
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.
¶ *Let* Heau'n *be then to me obdure as brasse,*
The Earth *as iron, vnapt for graine, or grasse,*
Then let my Flocks *consume, and neuer steed me,*
Let pinching Famine *want, wherewith to feed me,*
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy Works, *thy* Word.
O let the Trump of thine eternall Fame,
Sound euer, Euer hallow'd be thy Name.

¶ God

¶ GOd *built the World, and all that therein is*
He framed, yet how poore a part is his?
Quarter the Earth, and ſee, how ſmall a roome
Is ſtiled with the name of Chriſtendome;
The reſt (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
O're-run with Pagans, Turkes, *and* Infidels:
Nor yet is all this little Quarter his,
For (though all know him) halfe know him amiſſe,
Profeſſing Chriſt *for lucre, (as they liſt)*
And ſerue the triple Crowne of Antichriſt;
Yet is this little handfull much made leſſer,
Ther's many Libertines, *for one* Profeſſor:
Nor doe Profeſſors all profeſſe aright,
'Mong whom there often lurks an Hypocrite.
¶ *O where, and what's thy Kingdome? (bleſſed God)*
Where is thy Scepter? *where's thine iron* Rod?
Reduce thy reck'nings to their totall ſumme,
O let thy Power, and thy Kingdome Come.

¶ MAN *in himselfe's a little* World, *Alone,*
His Soul's *the* Court, *or high Imperiall Throne,*
Wherein as Empresse, *sits the* Vnderstanding
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding
Her Handmaid's WILL: Affections, *Maids of Honor,*
All following close, and duely waiting on her:
But Sin, *that alwayes envi'd mans Condition,*
Within this kingdome raised up Diuision;
Withdrawne mans Will, *and brib'd his false* Affection,
That This, *no order hath, nor* That, *Election;*
The Will *proues Traitor to the* Vnderstanding;
Reason *hath lost her power, and left commanding,*
She's quite depos'd, and put to foule disgrace,
And Tyrant Passion, *vsurps her place.*
¶ *Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little* World *of mine*
To raigne, that I may raigne with Thee *in thine:*
And since my will *is quite of good bereauen,*
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in Heauen.

¶ *Who liue to ſin, they all are* theeues *to Heauen,*
And Earth; They ſteale frõ God, *& take vngiuen;*
Good men they rob, *and ſuch as liue vpright,*
And (*being baſtards*) *ſhare the free-mans Right:*
They're all as owners, in the owners ſtead,
And (*like to* Dogs) *deuoure the childrens bread;*
They haue, and lack, and want what they poſſeſſe,
Vnhappy moſt, in their moſt happineſſe:
They are not goods, *but* riches, *that they waſt,*
And not be'ng goods, to cu'ls *they turne at laſt.*
¶ (*Lord*) *what I haue, let me enioy in* thee,
And thee *in it, or elſe take it from* mee;
My ſtore, *or* want, *make thou, or* fade, *or* flouriſh,
So ſhall my comforts neither change, nor periſh;
That little *I enioy*, (*Lord*) *make it mine,*
In making me (*that am a Sinner*) thine;
'Tis thou, or none, that ſhall ſupply my need,
O Lord; Giue vs this day our dayly bread.

7

¶ *THe quick-conceited* Schoole-men *well approue*
A difference 'twixt Charitie *and* Loue:
Loue *is a vertue, whereby we explaine*
Our ſelues to God, *and God to* vs *againe:*
But Charitie's *imparted to our Brother,*
Whereby we trafficke, one *man with* another:
The firſt *extends to* God; *The* laſt *belongs*
To Man, *In giuing* right, *and bearing* wrongs;
In number, they are twaine, *In vertue,* One;
For one not truly being, t'other's none.
¶ *In louing* God, *if I neglect my* Neighbour,
My loue *hath loſt his proofe, and I my labour:*
My Zeale, *my* Faith, *my* Hope *that neuer failes me,*
(*If* Charitie *be wanting*) *nought auailes me.*
¶ (*Lord*) *in my Soule, a ſpirit of* Loue *create me,*
And I will loue my Brother, *if he hate me:*
In nought but loue, *let me enuy my betters;*
And then, Forgiue my debts, as I my detters.

¶ *I*

¶ I *Finde a true reſemblance in the growth*
Of Sin, *and* Man; *Alike in breeding, both;*
The Soul's *the* Mother, *and the* Diuell, Syer,
Who luſting long in mutuall hot deſier,
Enioy their wils, *and ioyne in* Copulation;
The Seed *that fils her* wombe, *is foule* Tentation;
The ſinnes Conception, *is the Soules* conſent;
And then it quickens, *when it giues* content;
The birth of Sin *is finiſht in the* action;
And Cuſtome *brings it to its full* perfection.
¶ *O let my fruitleſſe* Soule *be barren rather,*
Then bring forth ſuch a Child, *for ſuch a* Father
Or if my Soule breed Sin, *(not being wary)*
O let it either dye, *or elſe* miſcarry;
She is thy Spouſe (*O* Lord) *doe thou aduiſe her,*
Keepe thou her chaſte, Let not the Fiend *entice her:*
Trie thou my heart, Thy Trials *bring* Saluation,
But let me not be led into Temptation.

¶ FOrtune (*that blind ſuppoſed Goddeſſe*) *is*
Still rated at, if ought ſucceed amiſſe;
'Tis ſhe (the vaine abuſe of Prouidence)
That beares the blame, *when others make th'* offence;
When this mans barne *finds not her wonted* ſtore,
Fortune's *condemn'd, becauſe ſhe ſent no more;*
If this man dye, or that man liue too long,
Fortune's *accus'd, and ſhe hath done the* wrong;
Ah fooliſh Dolts, *and* (*like your* Goddeſſe) *blind!*
You make the fault, *and call your* Saint *vnkind;*
For when the cauſe of Eu'll *begins in* Man,
Th'effect enſues from whence the cauſe began;
Then know the reaſon of thy diſcontent,
The eu'll of Sinne, *makes Eu'll of* puniſhment.
¶ (*Lord*) *hold me vp, or ſpurre me, when I fall;*
So ſhall my Eu'll be iuſt, *or not* at all:
Defend me from the World, *the* Fleſh, *the* Deuill,
And ſo thou ſhalt deliuer me from Euill.

¶ *The*

¶ *The Prieſtly* skirts *of* A'rons *holy coate*
I kiſſe; and to my morning Muſe *deuote:*
Had neuer King, *in any age, or Nation,*
Such glorious Robes, *ſet foorth in ſuch a faſhion,*
With Gold, *and* Gemmes, *and* Silks *of Princely Dye,*
And Stones, *beſitting more then* Maieſtie:
The Perſian Sophies, *and rich* Shæba's Queene
Had n'er the like, nor e'r the like had ſeene;
Vpon the skirts (*in order as they fell*)
Firſt, a Pomegranat *was, and then a* Bell;
By each Pomegranat *did a* Bell *appeare;*
Many Pomegranats, *many* Bels *there were;*
Pomegranats nouriſh, *Bels doe make a* ſound;
As bleſſings *fall,* Thanksgiuings *muſt rebound.*
¶ *If thou wilt clothe my heart with* A'rons *tyer,*
My tongue *ſhall praiſe, as well as* heart *deſier:*
My tongue, *and* pen, *ſhall dwell vpon thy* Story,
(*Great God,*) for thine is Kingdome, Power, Glory.

¶ *The*

¶ THe *Ancient* Sophists, *that were ſo preciſe,*
(And oftentimes (perchance) too curious *nice)*
Auerre, that Nature *hath beſtow'd on Man*
Three perfect Soules *: When this I truly ſcan,*
Me thinks, their Learning *ſwath'd in Errour, lyes;*
They were not wiſe *enough, and yet too* wiſe,
Too curious wiſe, becauſe they mention more
Then one; *Not wiſe enough, becauſe not* foure;
Nature, *not* Grace, *is Miſtris of their* Schooles;
Sapere eſt inſipere. Grace *counts them* wiſeſt, *that are verieſt* Fooles:
Three Soules *in man?* Grace *doth a* fourth *allow,*
The Soule of Faith *: But this is* Greeke *to you:*
'Tis Faith *that makes man* truly wiſe; *'Tis* Faith
Makes him poſſeſſe that thing he neuer hath.
¶ *This* Glorious *Soule of* Faith *beſtow on mee,*
(O Lord) or elſe take thou the other three:
Faith *makes men* leſſe *then Children,* more *then Men,*
It makes the Soule cry, Abba, *and* Amen.

FINIS.

PENTELOGIA:

OR,

THE QVINTESSENCE OF MEDITATION.

Mors tua, Mors Chriſti, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cœli,
Et Dolor Inferni, ſunt meditanda tibi.

Thy Death, the Death of Chriſt, the Worlds Tentation,
Heauens Ioy, Hells Torment, be thy Meditation.

AT LONDON,
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngſton*, for *Richard Moore*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtans* Church-yard. 1626.

Mors tua.

1.

¶ *Me thinks, I ſee the nimble-aged* Syre
Paſſe ſwiftly by, with feet vnapt to tyre,
Vpon his head an Hower-glaſſe *he weares,*
And in his wrinkled hand a Sithe *he beares,*
(*Both* Inſtruments, *to take the liues from* Men,
Th'one ſhewes with what, *the other ſheweth* when.)
Me thinkes, I heare the Dolefull Paſſing-bell,
Setting an onſet *on his lowder* knell;
(*This moody muſick of impartiall* death
Who daunces after, daunces out of breath.)
Me thinkes I ſee my deareſt friends lament,
With ſighs, *and* teares, *and wofull* dryriment,
My tender Wife, *and* Children, *ſtanding by,*
Dewing the Death-bed, *whereupon I lye.*
Me thinkes, I heare a Voyce (*in ſecret*) *ſay,*
Thy Glaſſe is runne, and thou muſt dye to day.

2.

¶ AND am I here, and my Redeemer gone?
Can He be dead, and is not my life done?
Was he tormented in exceſſe of meaſure?
And doe I liue yet? And yet liue in pleaſure?
Alas! could Sinners finde out ne'r a one,
More fit then Thee, for them to ſpit vpon?
Did thy cheeks entertaine a Traytors lips?
Was thy deare body ſcourg'd, and torne with whips,
So that the guiltleſſe blood came trickling after?
And did thy fainting browes ſweat blood and water?
Wert thou (Lord) hang'd vpon the Curſed Tree?
O world of Griefe! And was all this for mee?
¶ Burſt foorth, my teares, into a world of ſorrow,
And let my nights of griefe ne'r finde a morrow;
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy ſeruant roome,
Within his heart, to build thy heart a Tombe.

¶ What

3.

¶ WHat is the World? *A great* Exchange *of ware,*
Wherein all ſorts, *and* ſexes *cheapning are,*
The Fleſh, *the* Diuell *ſit, and cry,* What lacke yee?
When moſt they fawne, they moſt intend to racke ye;
The wares, are Cups of Ioy, *and Beds of* Pleaſure,
There's goodly choice, downe weight, and flowing meaſure;
A Soul's the Price, *but they giue time to pay,*
Vpon the Death-bed, *on the dying* Day.
¶ *Hard is the Bargaine, and vniuſt the* Meaſure,
When as the Price *ſo much out-laſts the* Pleaſure:
The ioyes that are on earth, are Counterfeits;
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th'are true Deceits;
They flatter, fawne, and (like the Crocadile)
Kill *where they laugh, and* murther *where they ſmile:*
They daily dip within thy Diſh, *and Cry,*
Who hath betray'd thee? *Maſter,* Is it I?

Gloria Cœli.

4.

¶ *WHen I behold, and well aduiſe vpon*
Eccleſ. 1. *The Wiſemans ſpeech,* There's nought beneath
But vanitie, *my ſoule rebels within,* (the Sun,
And loaths the Dunghill-priſon ſhe is in:
But when I lookt to new Ieruſalem,
Wherein's reſeru'd my Crowne, *my* Diadem,
O what a Heauen of bliſſe, *my Soule enioyes,*
On ſudden rapt into that heauen of Ioyes!
Where rauiſht (*in the depth of* meditation)
She well diſcernes, with Eye of Contemplation,
The Glory of God, *in his* Imperiall Seat,
Full ſtrong in Might, *in* Maieſtie *compleat,*
Where troups of Powers, Vertues, Cherubins,
Angels, Archangels, Saints, *and* Seraphins,
Are chaunting praiſes *to their heauenly King,*
Where Halelujah *they for euer ſing.*

¶ *Let*

Dolor Inferni.

5.

¶ LEt Poets pleaſe to torture Tantalus,
Let griping Vultures gnaw Prometheus,
And let Ixion turne his endleſſe wheele,
Let Nemeſis torment with whips of Steele;
They far come ſhort, t'expreſſe the paines of thoſe
That rage in Hell, enwrapt in endleſſe woes;
Where time no end, nor plagues finde no exemption;
Where cryes admit no helpe, nor place redemption; *Ex infernis nulla redemptio.*
Where fier lacks no flame, the flame no heate,
To make their torments ſharpe, and plagues compleat;
Where wretched Soules to tortures bound ſhall bee,
Seruing a world of yeeres, and not be Free;
Where nothing's heard, but yells, and ſudden cryes;
Where fier neuer ſlakes, nor Worme e'r dyes:
But where this Hell is plac'd (my Muſe) ſtop there;
Lord, ſhew me what it is, but neuer where.

Can

1 *Mors tua.*

¶ *CAn he be* Faire, *that withers at a Blaſt?*
Or he be Strong, *that* Every *Breath can caſt?*
Can he be Wiſe, *that knowes not how to liue?*
Or he be Rich, *that nothing hath to giue?*
Can he be Yong, *that's Feeble, Weake, and Wan?*
So Faire, Strong, Wiſe, *ſo* Rich, *ſo* Yong *is* Man:
So Faire is Man, *that* Death (*a parting Blaſt*)
Crops his faire Flow'r, and makes him Earth *at laſt;*
So Strong is Man, *that with a gaſping* Breath
He totters, and bequeaths his Strength to Death;
So Wiſe is Man, *that if with* Death *he ſtriue,*
His Wiſdome cannot teach him how to liue;
So Rich is Man, *that* (*all his* Debts *b'ing pay'd*)
His wealth's the Winding-ſheet *wherein hee's lay'd:*
So Yong is Man, *that* (*broke with* Care *and* Sorrow)
Hee's old enough to Day, to Dye *to* Morrow:
Why bragg'ſt thou then, Thou Worme *of Fiue foot-long?*
Th'art neither Faire, *nor* Strong, *nor* Wiſe, *nor* Rich,
(*nor* Yong.

I Thurſt; *And who ſhall quench this Eager* Thurſt?
I Grieue; *And with my* griefe *my Heart will Burſt*;
I Grieue, *becauſe* I thurſt *without Reliefe*;
I Thurſt, *becauſe my Soule is burnt with* Griefe;
I Thurſt; *And* (*dri'd with* Griefe) *my Heart will Dye*;
I Grieue, *and* thurſt *the more, For Sorrow's* drie:
The more I grieue, *the more my* thurſt *appeares*:
Would God! I had not grieu'd out all my teares;
I Thurſt; *And yet my Griefes haue made a* Floud;
But Teares *are ſalt*; *I* Grieue, *and* Thurſt *for* Bloud;
I Grieue *for* Bloud, *for* Bloud *muſt ſend* Reliefe;
I Thurſt *for* Bloud, *for* Bloud *muſt eaſe my* Griefe;
I Thurſt *for* ſacred *Bloud of a Deare* Lambe;
I Grieue *to thinke from* whence *that deare* Blood *came*;
'Twas ſhed for Mee, *O let me drinke my* fill,
Although my Griefe *remaine* Entier *ſtill*:
O ſoueraigne Pow'r of that Vermilion SPRING, (ſing.
Whoſe Vertue, neither Heart *conceiues, nor* Tongue can

3 *Fraus Mundi.*

I *Loue the* World *(as Clients loue the* Lawes)
To manage the vprightneſſe of my Cauſe:
The World *loues me, as Shepheards doe their* Flocks,
To Rob, *and* ſpoile *them of their fleecy Locks;*
I loue the World, *and vſe it as mine* Inne,
To bait, and reſt my tyred Carkaſſe *in:*
The World *loues* me, *For what? To make her* Game;
For filthy Sinne, *ſhe ſels me timely* Shame;
Shee's like the Baſiliske, *by whoſe ſharpe eyes*
The liuing Obiect, firſt, diſcouer'd, dyes;
Forth from her eyes empoyſned beames doe burſt;
Dyes like a Baſiliske, *diſcerned firſt;*
We liue at Iarres *as froward Gameſters doe,*
Still guarding, *not* Regarding *others Foe;*
I loue the World, to ſerue my turne, *and leaue her,*
'Tis no Deceit *to* Coozen *a* Deceiuer;
Shee'l not miſſe me, I, leſſe the World ſhall miſſe,
To loſe a World *of* Griefe, *t'enioy a* World *of* Bliſſe.

Earth

4 *Gloria Cœli.*

EArth *ſtands immou'd, and* Fixt, *Her Situation*
Admits no locall Change, *no Alteration,*
Heaven *alway* moues, *renuing ſtill his place,*
And euer ſees vs with another Face;
Earth *ſtandeth* Fixt, *yet there I liue* oppreſt;
Heaven *alway moues, yet there is all my* Reſt:
Enlarge thy ſelfe, my Soule, *with* Meditation,
Mount there, and there beſpeake thy Habitation;
Where Ioyes *are full, and pure, not mixt with mourning,*
All Endleſſe, and from which is no returning:
No Theft, *no Cruell* Murther *harbourt there,*
No Hoary-headed Care, *no ſudden* Feare,
No pinching Want, *no* (*Griping faſt*) Oppreſſion,
Nor Death *the* ſtipend *of our foule* Tranſgreſſion:
But dearest Friendſhip, Loue, *and laſting* Pleaſure,
Aye there abides, without or ſtint, or Meaſure;
Fulneſſe *of* Riches, Comfort *ſempeternall,*
Exceſſe *without a ſurfeiting*; *And* Life Eternall.

The

5 Dolor Inferni.

THe Trump *ſhall blow, The* Dead (*awak'd*) *ſhall riſe,*
And to the Clouds *ſhall turne their wondring* Eyes;
The Heauen *ſhall ope, The* Bridegroome *foorth ſhall come,*
To iudge *the World, and giue the World her* Doome:
Ioy *to the* Iust, *to others Endleſſe* Smart;
To thoſe *the Voyce bids* Come, *to* theſe, Depart;
Depart *from* Life, *yet* (*dying*) liue *for* Euer;
For Euer dying *be, and yet* Dye Neuer;
Depart *like* Dogs, *with* Divels *take your lot*;
Depart *like* Divels, *for* I know you not;
Like Dogs, *like* Divels *goe, Goe Howle, and Barke*;
Depart *in* Darknes, *for your* deeds *were Darke*;
Let roring *be your* Mvsick, *And your* Food
Be fleſh of Vipers, *And your Drinke, their* Blood;
Let Fiends *afflict thee, with* Reproch, *and* Shame,
Depart, Depart *into Eternall* Flame:
If Hell *the Guerdon then of* Sinners *bee,* (*with thee*).
(*Lord*) *giue me* Hell *on Earth* (*Lord*) *giue me* Heaven

—— vv —— vv —— *Iam Deſint Tibia verſus.*

FINIS.

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